

SPY

APRIL 1996

PLAYBOY
Caught with Its
Pants Down

DONALD TRUMP:
Manhattan's Own
Zen Master

BILLY

Ass Kissing
THE INSTYLE WAY

BOB

NEWTY

POLI-SHTICKS AS USUAL

Stooges Rule '96



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THE
PLAYGROUND FOR
THE
UNIMAGINATIVE**



**JOOP! JEANS
JUST A THOUGHT.**

This One



Y78K-B73-K9K8

PATRICIA FIELD PUNCH ROLO LOMA VISTA HARDWARE

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Hey, Marla, Does That Feng Shui Come with Egg Rolls?

It's not the mob, the squatters, or the Upper East Side; New York's just architecturally challenged. Lucky for the Big Apple, SPY reporter Anya Sacharow puts everything in perspective through Feng Shui—the latest Eastern import to take a crack at healing Western woes. Subway hassles and school board havoc now have a shiny, happy feeling if you just know how to look at it. Who would've thought that an hour of bumper-to-bumper traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge could bring such serenity?26

All Tits and No Assets

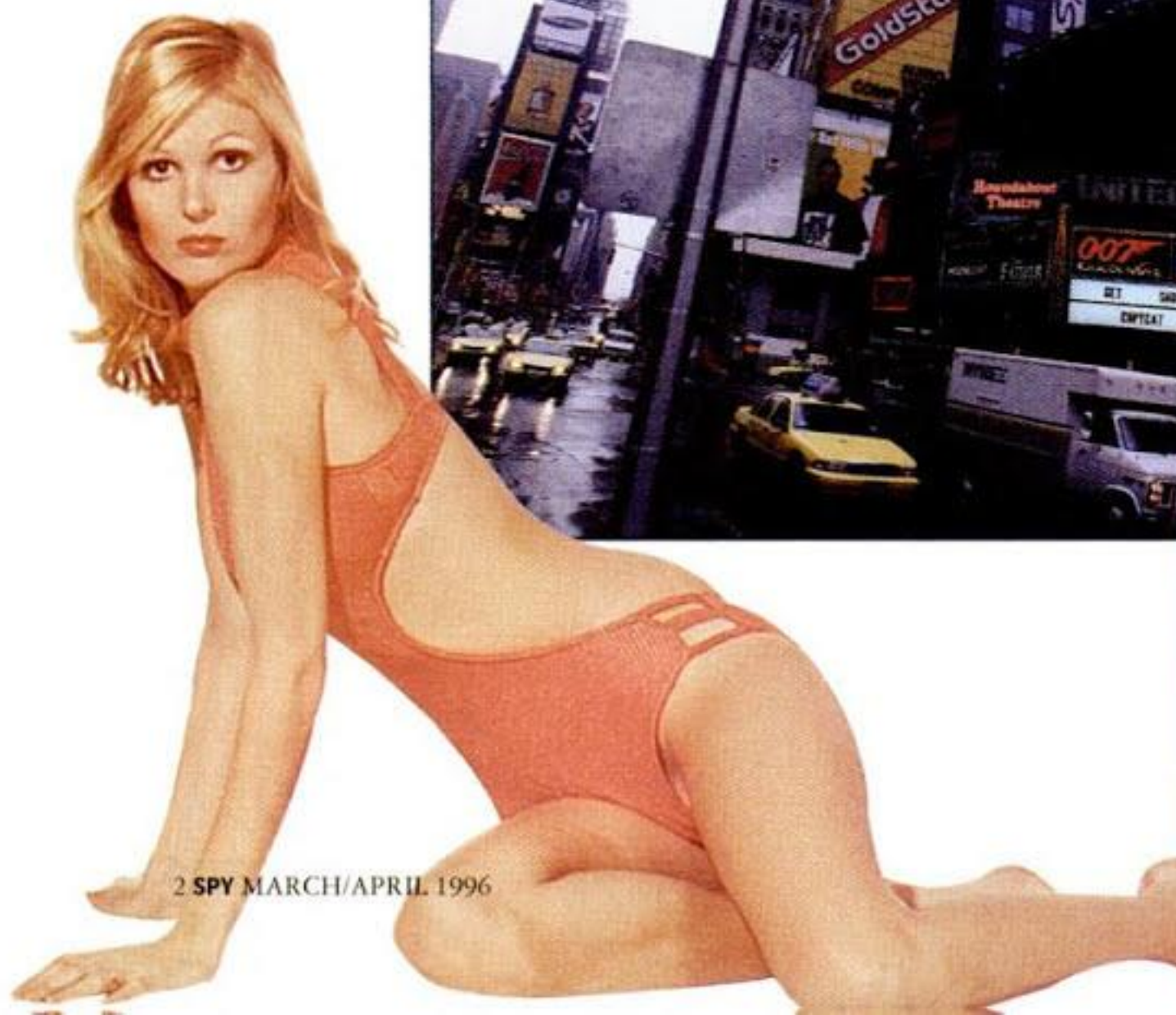
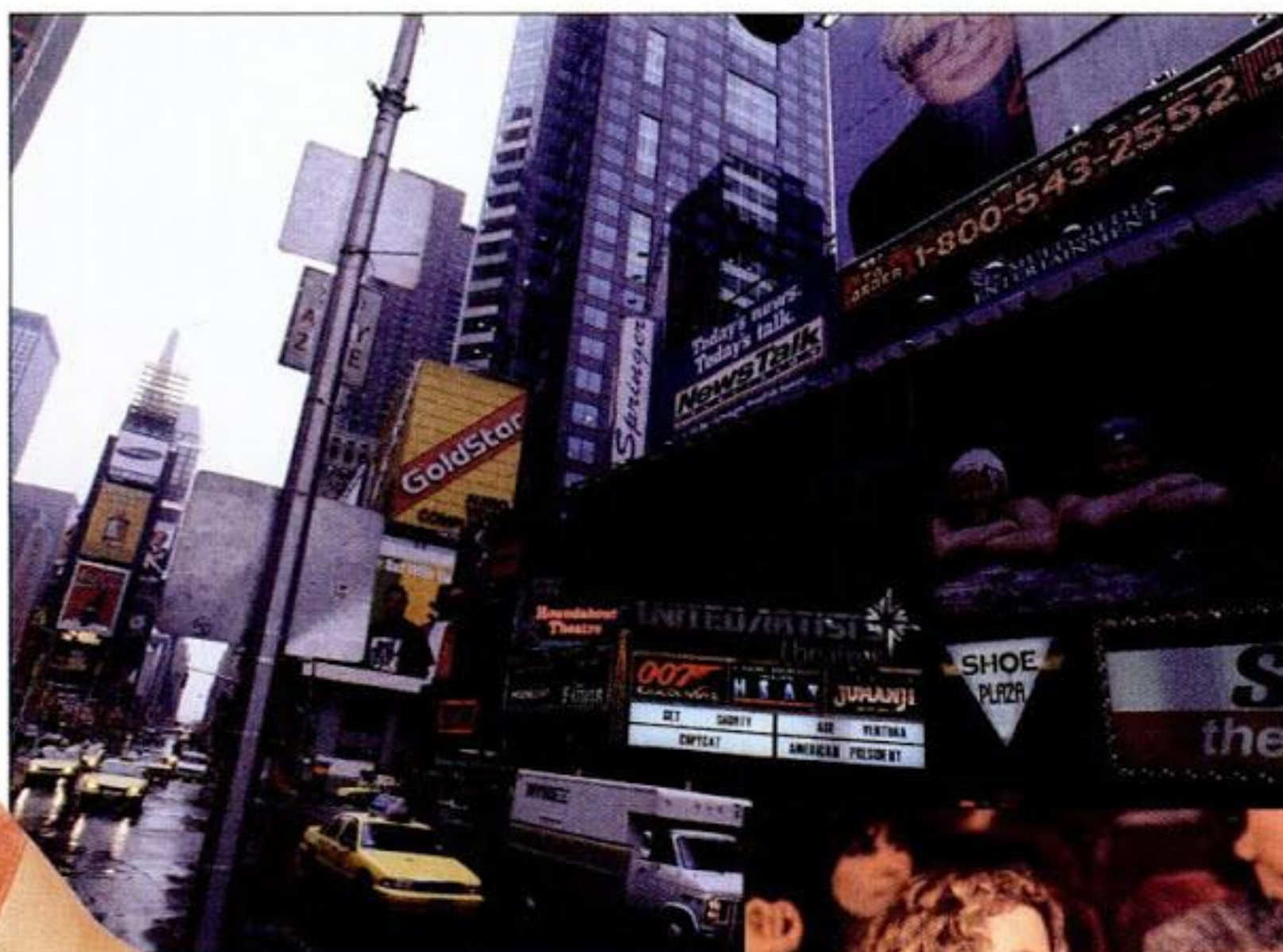
Some hand-me-downs are best not handed down. Even Big Hef might agree with SPY reporter Greg Easley: His only heir to the Playboy throne, Christie, has transformed the company's once virile empire into a limp noodle. Bunny season is now open on the company that 20 years ago made sex easily digestible but now regurgitates it.32

Don't Worry, Ms. Love—We'll Airbrush Those Scabs

When it comes to celebrity ass kissing, nobody leaves a posterior more lipstick smeared than *InStyle* magazine, *People's* slutty sister publication. In a high-gloss parody, senior writers Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck provide much-needed polish to some spin-hungry stars in SPY's transcendental vision of a publicist's wet dream.41

Psst, Tubby, Wanna Buy a HoHo?

A slim trip through fat camps. Fat farm connoisseur Abby Ellin revisits seven summers of shaping up, slimming down, and weighing in, with a few binges in between. It's the only place on earth—aside perhaps from 7-Eleven—where one Twinkie carries a \$3.25 price tag or where a can of super slurp grape Faygo goes for \$2.25. But when you're on a 1,200-calorie-a-day diet, even those prices seem reasonable.52





S

omewhere along the line I got a reputation that I'm not a dog to mess with. Which suits me fine. Because the last thing I want to do is fight. Doesn't solve a damn thing. Fact is, I will walk away from a scrap every time. See, I know if a dawg wants to go at it, he's got something to prove and nothing to lose. And I want no part of that.

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Columns

Ethics, Inc.

All the answers to life's questions are answered courtesy of junk mail by the ton. One false change of address and SPY columnist David Shenk may just go postal. 24

The Outlands

After the '94 elections, South Africa's been a bastion of equality: exciting job opportunities, thousands of places to rally, and a mall equipped with a Shoprite. After spending the summer in South Africa, skeptic SPY reporter Jeff Stein thinks otherwise. Meet the new BOSS. Same as the old BOSS. 60

The Industry

Money talks. But it can't sing and dance and it can't walk. As long as he's in Hollywood, CC Baxter would much rather be forever in blue jeans. Babe. 66



Departments

Great Expectations

Playboy for \$200. Answer: Overinflated ego and shrinking budgets. Question: What is Hugh Hefner? Or is it Washington, D.C.? 6

Letters to SPY. 8

Naked City

Slippery-tongued women; Cute synonyms for Bob Dole's pen-wielding hand; 1996 Sylvia Miles calender available now; Love: Read the fine print; Rockin' the mike with Hasidic rock stars; Stacey "Clueless" Dash dodges the media's bullet— whew, narrow escape; Bill Gates: Man of wisdom and truth; Great moments in Oscar history; Random killings; Bill Clinton identifies with you. And your Aunt Louisa. And your neighbor Rachmid. But probably not with Joey Buttafuoco; Charles Nelson "Where-in-the-helluvya-been" Reilly; Separated at birth. 12

Party Poop. 64

The Millennium Approaches

That nice Andy Giuliani helps daddy with those pesky homeless people. 72

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Nyuk-Nyuk-Nyuk

LARRY & MOE & CURLY & CHRISTIE & S.I.? Hugh Hefner, General of the First Pubic Wars, approaching his eighth decade, has got to wonder how it's come to this. Not 40 years after

fathering both a magazine and a daughter, he has to watch the latter screw up the former.

If it's any consolation to Hugh, S.I. Newhouse's father had a parallel experience with his son S.I. junior, whose Condé Nast magazines managed to bleed money through the '80s and '90s. Until recently, however, neither S.I. nor Christie's business virility had been questioned by a fawning media. Now they're miraculously exposed as stooges. Since Hefner candidly told SPY that he was looking for more money and additional management we suspect there might be some tension around the Hefner family table.

Ah Hef...take off the silk pajamas, and wallow a while in the seismic events of the season: the primaries, the Oscars, and the National Magazine Awards. Politics and show business are rough and tumble, bloody-knuckles affairs, but the NMA's are luminous models of civility.

If not suspense: *I* give you an award this year, *you* give me an award next. The National Magazine Awards circulate between a few offices, making sure everybody concerned stays fat and famous, rich and happy.

THOUGH NORMALLY irascible and self-absorbed, SPY wholeheartedly endorses the magazine awards and wishes to supplement them in a small way. Just as Donald Trump has called his new development "the most important new address in the world," we at SPY

would like to select the most important new magazine in the world.

Drum roll, cymbal...the magazine of the decade: *InStyle*. Sprung from the ulcer-ridden corporate gut of *People*. Profitable and new, both at the same time. Unique for Time-Warner.

(Some of you expected *George*? The fat, slick, and sassy heft of it found us involuntarily licking our chops, but we calmed ourselves and saluted. It's just politics. As usual.)

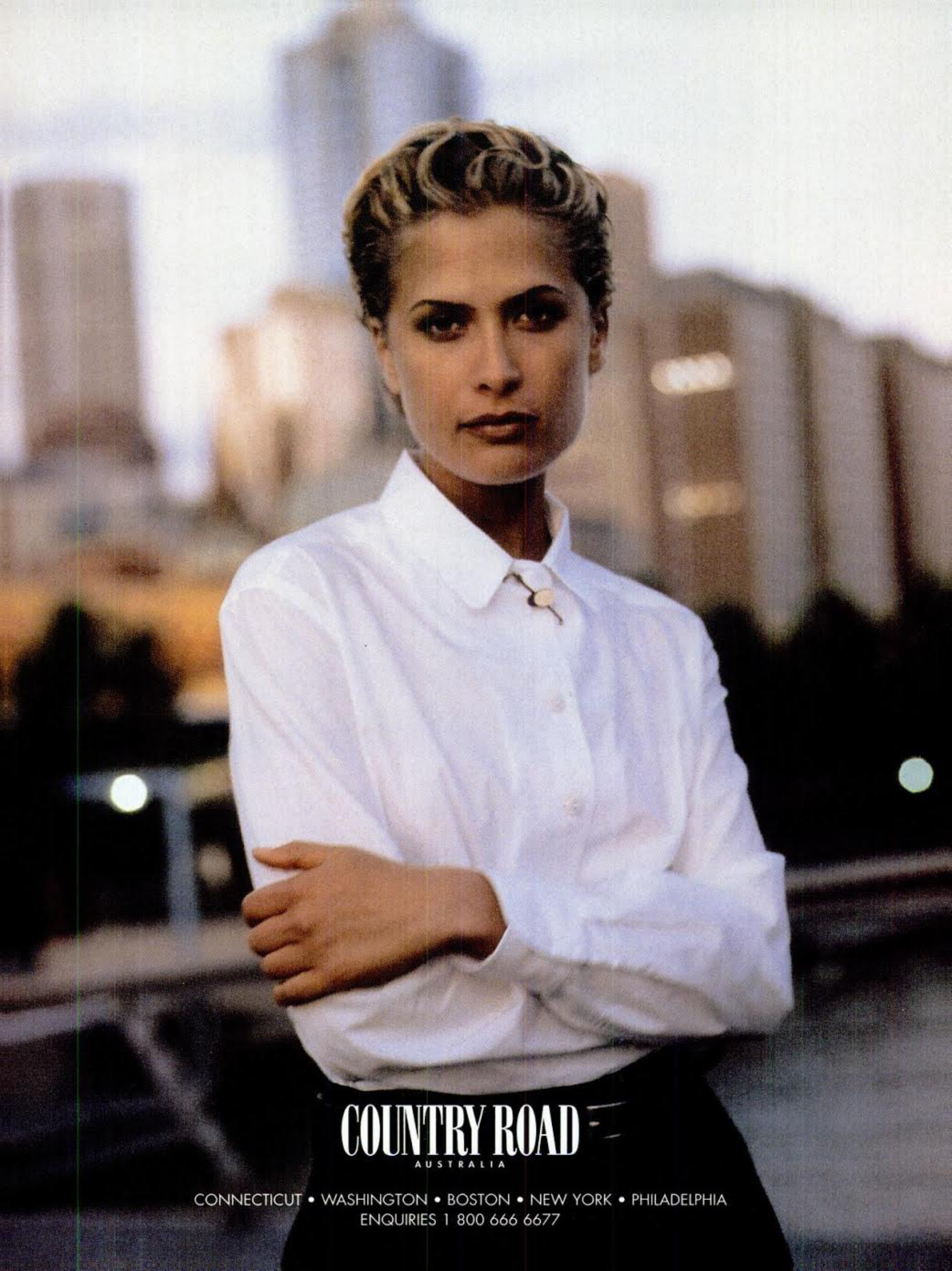
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO be the most important magazine of your time? A certain insight into and mastery of the big themes—God, Nicole Kidman, the global economy. The '60s gave us the late, great *Rolling Stone*, wherein awestruck gonzo reporters plumbed the souls of the gods Clapton, Lennon and Jagger. Like a Stephen Mitchell transla-

tion of the psalms. The '70s spawned *People*, which brought those same celebs *that* much closer to us mortals. Then there was Tina Brown's *Vanity Fair*; she invited us to her catered party of the rich and famous while excoriating former members unlikely to return. Never mind she traded favorable treatment for access—Tina's celebrity wet kiss would become her only enduring trademark. Her subjects returned the compliment, showering her with intimacies. Tina showed she also possessed a certain prescience, for she understood that air-brushing and other enhancements would become *de rigueur* in the '90s. In fact, *InStyle* probably owes as much to Tina as to themselves for their hard-fought victory. It's not surprising, then, that the spirit of this patron saint of pandering still resonates through the *New Yorker* and in our hearts.

Rolling Stone, *People*, *Vanity Fair* all had a hammerlock on the Zeitgeist; now, it's *InStyle*. Our leaders could stand a dose of *InStyle*; more than 500,000 readers can't be wrong. That's why we're forwarding a two-pack—for educational purposes only—to the three most powerful pols in America. The first contains an embossed copy of our tribute to *InStyle*. If it fails to enlighten, they could always turn to the video cassette. *In Stooges Veritas*. Nyuk. Nyuk. Nyuk

—O.L.





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From the SPY Mailroom

PERSONS WITH POSTAL VOCATIONS have a history of over-reactions. No mass murder up here in the ivory tower, though. The automatic weapons ban restricts us to the occasional misrouted Victoria's Secret catalog. The motive, however, is just the same: that nauseating insistence on confusing us with people who give a damn.

Apparently, even one-time (only) contributors aren't above making us woozy with annoyance. It all began that dark day when the mailroom Prozac dispenser broke (okay, from overuse) and a letter from Simon Sebag Montefiore of London, England, crawled from the mailbag. Perhaps the Prozac situation was an omen, but we didn't heed the warning. We blithely opened Simon's letter only to have the first paragraph send our eyes so far back into our heads one would have thought we were auditioning for *Scanners*.

Montefiore, the author of "Letter from London" in SPY's February issue, apparently has quite a few objections to his piece being "butchered" and felt he was, drum-roll please, underpaid! Admittedly, he was "ill in bed" when he wrote it and he did so in "one afternoon." But never mind all that. To have "insolent" and "bureaucratic" dirty old New York editors "ruthlessly excising," "savagely cutting," and "ruining and mauling" his piece was just too much! Don't worry, Simon, old bean. Won't happen again.

Wordsworthless wasn't the only correspondent we had to contend with either; the usual dispatches from too-much-time-on-their-hands-land never fail to disappoint.

Kinda Like Herpes

Seeing stories about Trump's "comeback" is equivalent to reading *The Adventures of Pinocchio*, which has become a literary guide to survival for the desperate, despicable con artist and two-family man. The logic of Trump's purported "comeback" translates into a four-letter word—SICK! Isn't it amazing that an admitted adulterer, who dumped three children and a loyal wife to consummate a three-year adulterous relationship with an impregnated Marla Maples, ...can now proclaim he's back! Maples and Trump should take their act to the nearest garbage dump where the stench of hypocrisy is appreciated.

After feasting on the "turkey" blabbermeister Trump serves to the media, the only "comeback" I've witnessed is in sales of barf bags in the wake of significant vomiting. Excuse me, but where's the nearest toilet, I feel a Trump comeback coming on.

Chuck Jones
Former Trump/Maples hypemeister
New York, NY

Chuck, we're glad to see that you haven't let your unrequited feelings for Marla taint your relationship with her and The Donald, and thanks for the lovely nude photograph of Marla—very tastefully done. (For those of you who don't remember, Chuck was the Trump publicist who had a torrid affair with one of Mrs. Trump's shoes a while back.)

Just Desserts

You show great restraint in holding your Simpson trial absurdities to just 1,001 [December, 1995]. My personal example follows. As the verdict was about to be announced, I was sitting with two friends in a local restaurant. Needless to say, Court TV was being aired in the bar area. We had just placed our orders when a reporter and

camera crew approached our table asking for our opinions on the outcome. The second question was more bazaar: "And what will you be enjoying with the trial today?" We were being interviewed by the Food Channel.

And thanks for sparing us a rehash of O.J. in this year's superlative SPY 100. He is truly off the loathsome scale. As comprehensive as the piece was, you did overlook one telling item in the background of self-righteous Promise Keepers (#80) founder Bill McCartney. While the self-anointed savior of family values was head football coach at Colorado, his teenage daughter bore the illegitimate [child] of [one] of McCartney's players. Maybe Bill should have worked some of his magic in the home instead of the Thunderdome. On the other hand, I'm sure the frisky little filly made quite a recruiting tool! Keep exposing the hypocrisy,

Jeff Christian
Hoboken, New Jersey

As a longtime resident of the District of Columbia, I appreciate the righteous whacks SPY takes at the federal government and the characters that run it. But your O.J. article by Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck earns you some serious inside-the-Beltway demerits. Donna Shalala a "White House staffer?" Ms. Shalala is, of course, Secretary of Health and Human Services. Even Kato knew that.

David P. Gionfriddo
Washington, DC

Kato...wasn't he that guy who kept attacking Inspector Clouseau?

Boy, Oh Boy

I feel I must express my extreme disgust and outrage over your published interview with Joe Powers of NAMBLA [December, 1995]. It is incomprehensible to me why a magazine would devote any

Steve Tillman from Santa Cruz, Ca., wanted to know if SPY had any "racy stories or revealing photographs of skater Peggy Fleming." No, Steve, but how about this French postcard of Victor Fleming? Eli Cass of North Miami, Fla., wrote us a fabulous poem about proctology visits. What could possibly be next—Anita Bryant's pap smear in a plain brown envelope?

No, just a good ol' reliable inmate letter from Jim Roberts of cell number CL-1464 in Coal Township, Pa. Jim wrote that he is "a happy subscriber to SPY"... but needs some assistance. You see, he wants very much to get in touch with NAMBLA and/or Tonya Harding. Can we help him get in touch with either? So, we went straight to Alex and Pete, who were incensed: "NAMBLA we can understand, but Tonya Harding, Jim? You're a real sicko."

A. J. Kimmel of Rosny-sous-Bois, France, was both international and intermag enough to catch French Premier in a nasty bit of plagiarism à la American SPY. Their *decembre* issue contained *un très amusant* chart on the remarkable similarities of Joe Eszterhas's screenplays (*Basic Instinct*, *Jade*, etc.), which was, as A. J. so astutely noted, also remarkably similar to the exact same piece SPY ran ("Whores of a Different Color?") in February of '95. Who let them into NATO anyway?

Lastly, as fortune would have it, on the same day of the Simon/Prozac fiasco, a letter arrived from "Bob" in Rock Island, Ill., who had a whole lot to say about Tyson Foods and the Clintons and Arkansas, blah blah blah. Just as our eyes began their ascension into our heads, we noted a tiny little postscript: "Typed on Tree Free Hemp/Straw paper." Let's just say that when the fire alarms went off, we blamed it all on the Prozac dispenser.

amount of space to his perverted views! Not only that, your staff writers even seemed to make light of a subject that scars thousands of innocent children, turning it into nothing more than another "alternative lifestyle."

I am sure amateur child molesters and rapists will applaud your step-by-step instructions to prey on the innocent. They will also enjoy hearing a justification for their depraved actions. Perhaps you could even offer a home-study course for those lust-filled souls longing to make a "positive difference" in a young boy's life! There's no telling what kind of perversion you have inspired as a result of your unashamed journalism. I only hope that everyone at SPY will someday see it as the lowest (and possibly last) moment in the publication's history.

DeWayne Hamby
Cleveland, Tennessee

Kissinger Ass

The most recent interview with Henry Kissinger [December, 1995] was a very ugly example of what a magazine such as yours can do. My feeling after reading it was that there was no story behind it. So Kissinger gets some massages and likes it. Is that newsworthy, or worthy for malicious ridicule? Is it funny to interview someone while hiding under the name of another false organization and then ask offensive questions just to get a reaction?

Most of your "disguised" interviews seem to have some basis for exposing a boorish personality with a pernicious organization, but I don't see Kissinger (you failed to expose a thing) and the Ohashi Institute (you again failed to give evidence for anything pestilent) as qualifying. Concentrate your efforts on things that have substance.

Edward Tittman
New York, NY

Look, we're busy bombing Cambodia, but we'll be glad to get back to you.

Who You Gonna Call

I miss Celia Brady. SPY's coverage of the film industry used to redeem its snideness with accuracy. Now, unfortunately, it's just sloppy—first the scabrous "Pink

Mafia" [June, 1995], now "Bad Publicity" in your December issue. I was one of 500 people fired by Dawn Steele when she took over Columbia Pictures, so I have no incentive to leap to her defense. But despite C. C. Baxter's assertions to the contrary, she did develop *Ghostbusters II*, as numerous back issues of VARIETY will confirm. And I only wish there were "great projects already in the works that she could take credit for"—since she axed virtually every project the previous regime had in development. Whether you like or hate the movies under her aegis, the credit is hers.

Jack Lechner
New York, NY

Giving Ms. Steele credit for Ghostbusters II isn't exactly doing her a favor.

Brown Sugar

I think your magazine is excellent, even if it took the new incarnation a while to get back up to speed. The recent article on the tabloids was the ultimate SPY piece. But enough already about Tina Brown. As Shakespeare said, you "protest too much." By devoting so much attention to her you show the world that you are, in fact, as captivated by her as she would like.

Mathew Huntington
MHUNTING @ vermontlaw.edu

Separated at Birth

I recently received your February 1996 issue and headed straight for the separated at birth page. There I found the Reggie Miller and Armin Shimerman photos that I had e-mailed you a few months ago. In fact, this was an idea that my mother had come up with and I decided to forward it to you. Please give me and my mother, Elizabeth Ewen, credit in your next issue.

Paul S. Owen
skrufman@aol.com

Paul, you should be happy to know that we obligingly called Reggie himself and told him all about you and your mom. He was very pleased, and relieved, to find out who was responsible for the idea, so expect a special visit soon.

"What Is True For You Is What You Have Observed Yourself"

Scientology Responds

Reporter-at-Large Mark Ebner ("Do You Want to Buy a Bridge?," SPY, January/February 1996) claims that he spent two weeks finding out about the Scientology religion, yet his article is hostile and riddled with inaccuracies. It's no surprise. Unlike everyone he met while taking introductory courses, Ebner was there to write a critical magazine article, not to learn about the religious principles of Scientology or how to improve his life. As a religion for the 20th century, Scientology does not match the traditional expectations of religion many people have. Which is exactly why Scientology is so attractive to independent-minded and creative spirits. But it also leaves it open to sarcasm from intellectually deficient reporters.

Intent on his "investigative" piece, the rancorous Ebner lacked the insight necessary to grasp even the most basic elements of a religion that took more than five decades to develop and whose immense body of materials include more than 5,000 books and articles and 3,000 taped lectures. What is most interesting about Ebner are the facts he chose to ignore:

1. Millions of people from all walks of life have taken the time to truly study Scientology, have applied it to their lives, and have decided it works.

2. Millions more who are not Scientologists have also benefited. Tens of thousands of drug addicts have kicked their habits. Millions have overcome the terrible handicap of illiteracy. And criminals have discovered methods to regain self-respect and rehabilitate themselves.

3. If only one-tenth of 1% of what Ebner said about Scientology were true, millions of people—including the many well-known names Ebner mentions in his story—would not be Scientologists. They would have "walked out the door." Look at Scientology's 41-year history. In fact, look back only 15 years. In 1980, there were 328 Scientology churches, missions, and groups; today there are more than 2,300, on every continent. According to Ebner, he has more

insight into Scientology than every person who has taken Scientology services. The objective odds make this extremely unlikely. How about one to eight million? Not surprisingly, Ebner only contacted "birds of a feather" for comments about Scientology. Strange bedfellows such as Robert Vaughn Young who has unsuccessfully tried to make a career as a paid-for critic of Scientology. Or Margaret Singer. This psychologist had a career picking up fat checks as an "expert witness"; now several courts have realized that her coercive-persuasion theories, in the words of federal Judge D. Lowell Jensen, were "not generally accepted within the scientific community."

Or take the now-bankrupt Cult Awareness Network, Inc. (CAN) and the spokesperson for the Los Angeles CAN, Priscilla Coates. In September, a jury awarded Jason Scott \$4,850,000 in combined damages against CAN, Rick Ross (one of CAN's most prominent deprogrammers) and two of Ross' accomplices. The reason? They had, as the federal court in Washington stated in upholding the award, "actively participated in the plan to abduct Mr. Scott, restrain him with handcuffs and duct tape, and hold him involuntarily while demeaning his religious beliefs." Although Ebner was particularly virulent towards the founder of Dianetics and Scientology, what he didn't say about L. Ron Hubbard could fill a score of magazines. Look at some of Mr. Hubbard's accomplishments.

Drug rehabilitation: Ebner targeted his ponderous wit at the Purification Program, developed by Mr. Hubbard. This extraordinary development brings about the removal of drugs and toxins from the body and has helped more than 100,000 people rid themselves of these harmful effects. Ebner did not quote U.S. authority Dr. Forest Tennant, author of more than two hundred scientific articles, books, and videos about neurochemistry and drug dependency, who conducted an intensive study of the Purification Program and said, "I am amazed at the accuracy of his [Mr. Hubbard's] findings." Education: Mr. Hubbard developed a workable methodology of study that today is

used in 31 countries to open the doors of knowledge to millions of people.

Criminal reform: Based on Mr. Hubbard's researches into the rehabilitation of criminals, the Criminon program is actually turning the tide. While the normal and expected recidivism rate hovers near 80%, of Criminon graduates tracked in one study only 2% returned to criminal activities.

When it comes to the Church's present-day leaders, Ebner is again unable to be objective, especially towards Mr. David Miscavige, a man he has never met. More than any other present-day leader in the Church of Scientology, Mr. Miscavige has provided the guidance and vision that has led the Scientology religion into its latest period of growth. Ebner obviously did not bother to ask Scientologists for their opinion of Mr. Miscavige, nor the millions who watched him on ABC *Nightline*, a 1991 show that became ABC's highest rated interview that year and won the Emmy. Mr. Miscavige also was the leading Scientology representative in meetings that led to one of the most significant events in the history of Scientology. In October 1993, at the conclusion of the most comprehensive examination ever conducted of an applicant for tax exemption, the IRS determined that the Church is organized and operated exclusively for religious and charitable purposes and issued tax-exempt status to more than 150 U.S. churches and missions, including the mother church.

If you would like to discover the real story about Scientology, it is easy to do. Read a book on the subject by L. Ron Hubbard or visit a Church. Then, next time you come across an article like Mark Ebner's, you'll know what the truth is. Because, in the words of Scientology's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, "What is true for you is what you have observed yourself. And when you lose that you have lost everything. What is personal integrity? Personal integrity is knowing what you know."

Leisa Goodman is Media Relations Director of the Church of Scientology International, the mother church of the Scientology religion.



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Subscription

This is to inform you that I wish to cancel my subscription to SPY after having received only one issue. The reason is the continuing decline in quality, of which I will offer several examples in the faint hope that you can be scolded into recapturing some of your old magic. It became obvious several issues ago that SPY was changing course; now it grows clear that this apparent shift in editorial policy is being carried out in a half-assed, unoriginal, and even incompetent spirit. Oddly, SPY seemed to have recovered from its brief "coma" with all faculties intact, only to decline steadily through the course of the past year. A few remarks:

- SPY's identity was always that of the trickster: the deflator of pretensions. It has now settled into a strange and mediocre genre—part tabloid and part abortive detective sheet....

- I didn't subscribe to SPY to see pictures of a shirtless Marlon Brando. I can get that garbage from the supermarket tabloids.

- Finally, I'm not impressed by the snide remarks about the Internet's "pasty geeks." What a wily piece of satire! Like most aspiring hipsters who find themselves fading short of the top, you are beginning to assume the troubled mannerisms of the junior high school bully.

Get your act together, but give me my money back first.

*Graham Harman
Iowa City, Iowa*

Have it your way, Graham. By the way, tell all the other pasty geeks on the Internet that if they don't cough up their lunch money, we're going to kick their asses.

I don't care if you morph bulging jockeys onto Hillary or satirize the wealthy and infamous. I just want my issue to arrive on time. Do you have any plans to change/improve your distribution? If not, let me know so I can cancel my subscription. I'd rather pay more and read SPY hot off the presses.

*Frank Gerkins
Washington, DC*

Okay, I admit it. I was pretty pissed off with you guys. All ready to abandon my coveted SPY subscription on principle. I appeared in your February 1995 *From the Mailroom* column. After shamelessly sucking up to you guys, you promised to send me a T-shirt. Needless to say, you guys didn't deliver. Anyhow, December 1995's issue arrives and before I can finish it, I realize you got me! Damnit! I'm hooked!

Screw principle! So you guys don't deliver what you promise (even in print). I guess you'll never get rid of me now. Sign me up for the next decade.

*Celeste Miles
Glendale, Georgia*

Celeste, the T-shirt's in the mail. We swear.

Enclosed is my copy of December SPY, exactly as I found it when I opened my mailbox the other day. Please note the innards, which do not belong to SPY at all but to a publication called EC&M—THE MAGAZINE OF ELECTRICAL DESIGN, CONSTRUCTION & MAINTENANCE. Is this a cost-cutting measure, instituted to reduce editorial expenses? If so, I may have to reconsider my subscription. If not, please send me another December issue.

*John Klein
Jupiter, FL*

So who's been getting our copy of CatFancy?

I am a long-time subscriber, and always look forward to the day when a new issue of SPY is in my mailbox. However I am quite concerned about the typographical errors I found in the December 1995 issue.

*Patricia Dobson
Hewitt, NJ*

Thanx for the bedzup. We'll try and improve our weighs.

Address letters to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, New York 10010 (or via E-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

"I don't have any jewelry and diamonds because they are ridiculous

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

Love in a Cold Climate

Some relationships are bound together by sex. Some are bound by litigation. Some lucky couples have both. Late last year, oil heir, yachtman, and apparent stick man William Koch of Boston toddled up to Housing Court to evict his onetime lover, the beautiful (former Ford model), fancy-named (former hubby's a French marquis), and possibly professionally gold-digging Catherine de Castlebajac (née Kate Chambers), from his \$2.5 million condo atop the Four Seasons Hotel. The glam-my couple started their affair at a party at which he was, for the tiniest moment, unattached (his girlfriend was late).

According to his testimony, "She started kissing me quite passionately.... I did not resist. I said, 'I've got to go, my girlfriend Lonnie is coming!'" In spring 1994, their passion a-burble, de Castlebajac, 43, moved in. But later he got involved with a New Yorker named Mary Beard (I've got to go, my girlfriend Kate is coming!), and the dumpfest was underway. By September 1995, the cable was cut. In November they went to court and the scorned de Castlebajac produced a sheaf of hot faxes.

PART I: Love in Bloom.

[undated]

From: Wild Orchids

To: My Sweetheart Billy
I miss you! I'll call later but here is something to inaugurate your personal fax...

All my love—Kate I Miss



It's so refreshing when actors on the cusp of obscurity pass up positive publicity. Case in point: An *Entertainment Weekly* reporter wanted to flesh out a short feature on the outrageous fashions of the teen flick *Clueless* by chatting with Stacey Dash, who plays Alicia Silverstone's don't-blink-or-you'll-miss-her-role sidekick Dion. Dash's publicist, one Michelle Bega, assured the reporter that she'd return the call "if" her client was interested. "I've got my clients covers on *Entertainment Weekly*," Bega hissed with enviable Hollywood insider brio. After days passed, the reporter called Dash himself. "How did you get my number?! Who gave it to you?!" Dash screamed, obviously flattered by the media's interest. "You have to talk to my publicist. I can't talk to you without my publicist." Moments later Bega returned the reporter's call: "You'll just have to

naked city

The Usual Suspects

do your little story without a quote." Whatever.

II

With a schedule that leaves her too busy to exercise, Barbara Streisand managed to squeeze the Oscar into her schedule last year and squeeze herself into one of Donna Karan's boob-popping, diaphanous empire dresses. When approached in the greenroom by a lackey holding one of those ubiquitous red ribbons, her beady and crossed eyes glared hard. Babs cawed, "It will ruin my dress. I gave \$200,000 to AIDS research last year. I think people know where I stand on the issue!" However, Hollywood's herd mentality influenced the diva and by show time, La Streisand — flabby arms, stomach, and boobs heaving — sailed in with the pin at full mast.

III

A weekend worker at Salomon Brothers found out you don't

mess with Salomon CFO Jerome Bailey's personal hoard of Cokes. Weeks after pilfering one from a company fridge, the worker was summoned to view footage from a concealed security camera Bailey had had installed. She was then fired with cause — no benefits. It seems Bailey, whose firm charged \$175 million in bookkeeping errors against 1994 earnings, had to save money somewhere.


IV

Tiny would-be bon vivant and real-life newsman Mort Zuckerman isn't afraid to sue powers higher than his own. Now it's Korean son-of-God Sun Myung Moon. The Rev's money-hemorrhaging right-wing *Washington Times* recently ran word for word a *U.S. News & World Report* item in a roundup. Properly credited? Sure. But the *Times* wire editor forgot to put quotation marks around it. Oops. Get my attorneys.





I Steal Your Pain



1. Clinton on his first day in the White House: "I was nervous, but I was excited. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House."

2. Clinton on his first day in the White House: "I was nervous, but I was excited. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House."

3. Clinton on his first day in the White House: "I was nervous, but I was excited. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House."

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8. Clinton on his first day in the White House: "I was nervous, but I was excited. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House. I was excited to be in the White House."

used to these seven-game stretches...

identify with you
s. You didn't choke, you
kept playing."

16. On the difference be-
tween Washington and
Kansas, where it is illegal
to shoot sitting ducks from
airways: "I identify with
the little ducks out there.
If we had the same rules in



Copyrighted material

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

November 14, 1994

Dear Kate,
You have pointed out that I have generally been unpleasant and sometimes mostly [sic] to you. I have been, upon reflection, responding to the pressure I feel you have been putting on me....I know your drives and needs to start another family, get married, have another child—to start a new life against your biological clock. Unfortunately I do not have the time or energy to have a normal relationship, much less build a new family....Since I am not...I suggested in our unpleasant phone call that perhaps I am not the man for you....You're a woman that all men dream about: intelligent, beautiful, charming, loving, caring, etc. etc....I do not know what the resolution could be, except to tell you where I stand.
Love, Billy

November 15, 1994

To: Mr. Wm. Koch
From: Kate de Castelbajac
Dear Big Beautiful Billy,
I have seriously been pondering our situation—or rather the anger you seem to feel. Sweet-heart... I'm sorry you haven't understood that I don't want a baby or a commitment now...
A thousand kisses, KC

PART III: Kiss That Baby Goodbye

Feb. 11, 1995

Dear Kate,
Concerning your suggestion that we have dinner together I have given it some thought. I do not think it is appropriate.... I plan to sell the Boston apartment this year....You may stay there until school is out, but at that time it would be best if you got your own place.
Love, Billy

naked city

The Yiddish Invasion Like a Rabbi

A drumroll and a horn-heavy fanfare precede the MC's entrance. He looks like Jake Blues, but when he announces the upcoming rockin' band to the Brooklyn College auditorium, they start chanting verses from the Torah. Welcome to rock and roll, Hasidic style.

Despite the absence of upside-down flaming menorahs at the show, this bastard son of Barry Manilow's music and Maimonides's musings has captured its own niche.

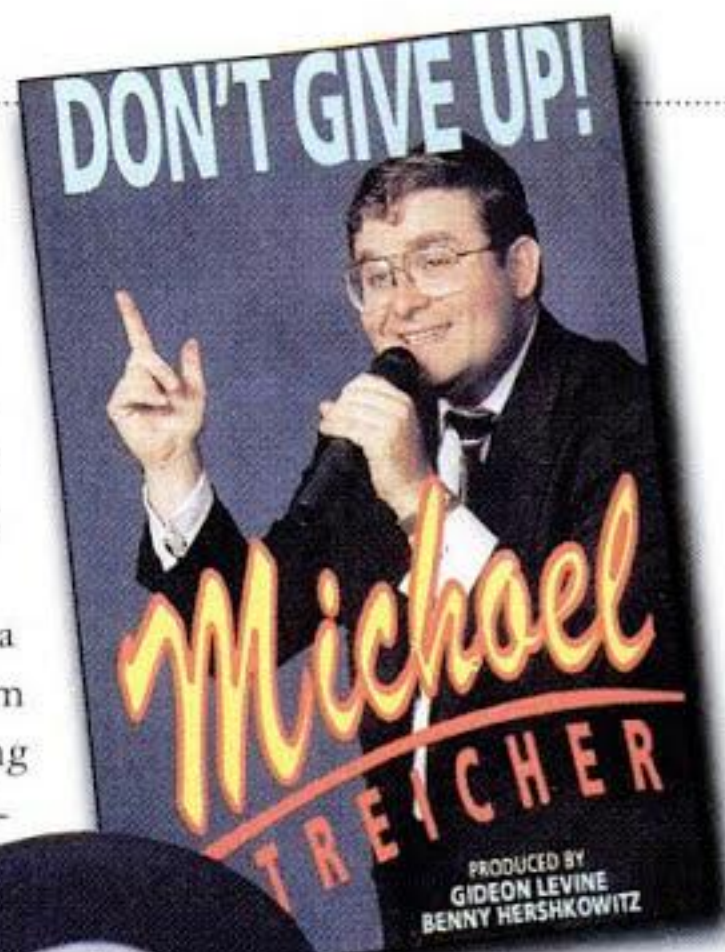
"Among the Hasidim, music plays an important role as a way to celebrate," said Charlie Bernhaut, a North Jersey deejay whose show, "Two Hours of Jewish Soul," explores Jewish music. "And these guys know how to get a crowd going."

And how. With an 11-piece band, strobe lights, black suits, long sideburns, and dance moves that make David Byrne look like

Baryshnikov, a singer named Yeedle came out on stage singing the Torah, sharing the microphone with the front row, and leading Hebrew chants.

The music itself spans a wide range of styles, from hokey ballads to rocking prayers. But much of the talent onstage sang over a salsa/ska beat with lots of horns and plenty of phlegmy consonants.

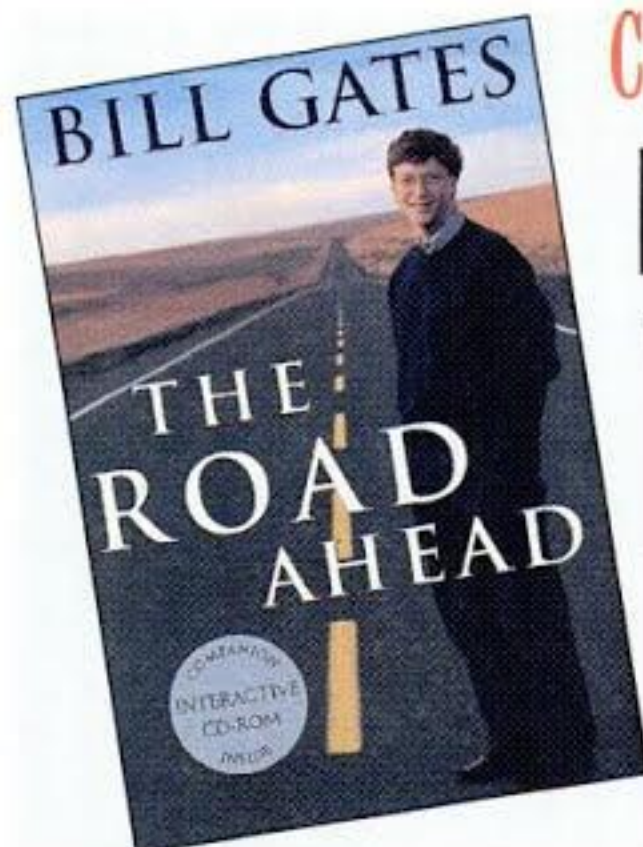
One act, Mordechai Ben David and his MBD Superband, has fans far outside of Brooklyn. According to Mendy Klein of Aderet Records, which produces MBD's discs, the hit "Moshiach" is chanted by the crowds at Israeli soccer games, and "every disco in Israel plays the music, along with Michael Jackson and Madonna. A fan at the Brooklyn College show explained, "We're here because it's a holiday, and because the music comes



from the heart."

The music's meaning is a big part of its appeal. Klein says the lyrics are 99 percent religious, 1 percent about Jerusalem or other matters. "Orthodox Jews pray three times a day," adds Bernhaut, "so they know the words."

Not much crossover appeal there, but some cultural touchstones are universal: The most telling chant of the night came from a group of kids in the balcony: "LESS FILLING! TASTES GREAT!" —Devon Alexander



Citizen Gates

Real Rosebuds, Vol. 1

The Man Behind Those Sexy Specs

Celebrity autobiographies are both the worst and best places to search for the true motivation behind their illustrious authors. On one hand, there are the thoughtful, soul-searching journeys into the furnace within. And on the other hand, there's the truth. Lest you want to uncover the genuine impetus for Bill Gates's drive, the secret lies within the pages of his autohagiography, *The Road Ahead*. It's just not where he'd like you to think it is.

Faux Motivation: "Computers are great because when you're working with them you get immediate results that let you know if your program works. It's feedback you don't get from many other things. That was the beginning of my fascination with software." (p. 2)

True Motivation: "One of the programs I wrote [in high school] was the one that scheduled students in classes. I surreptitiously added a few instructions and found myself nearly the only guy in a class full of girls....I was hooked." (p. 12)

Hell on Wheels Dept.

Latka Spelled Backward Is...

You take the high road and I'll rip off and abuse customers. These cabbies were honored by the Taxi and Limousine Commission as the worst in New York. But could these churls have been weeded out earlier? With the SPY anagram test, it's easy.



NAME: Sung Min
ANAGRAM: Mug'n? Sin!
PROFILE: 43 summonses for speeding and arguing — chased a couple through Central Park for cutting him off.



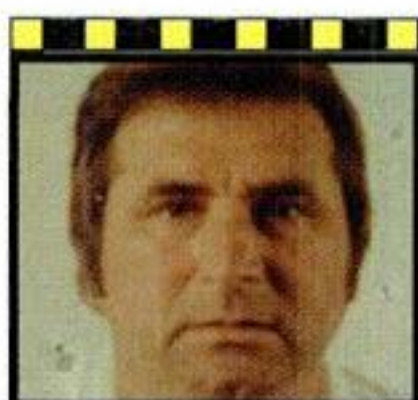
NAME: Manuel Criollo
ANAGRAM: Rue lil' loco man
PROFILE: 33 violations: speeding, refusing service, failing to cooperate with police.
License revoked.



NAME: Daniel Ojo
ANAGRAM: OJ, DNA, lie-o
PROFILE: 20 violations: arguing with passengers, refusing service, overcharging passengers.
License revoked.



NAME: Tarlochan Minhas
ANAGRAM: Satan lohn him car
PROFILE: 34 violations: speeding, refusing service, failing to cooperate with the police.
License revoked.



NAME: Paul Christache
ANAGRAM: Car chase up hilt
PROFILE: 29 violations: refusing service, failing to cooperate with law enforcement. Cannot be located to notify of suspension.



NAME: Mohamed Zaman
ANAGRAM: Mama haz demon
PROFILE: 23 violations: arguing with passengers, refusing service, overcharging passengers.
License revoked.



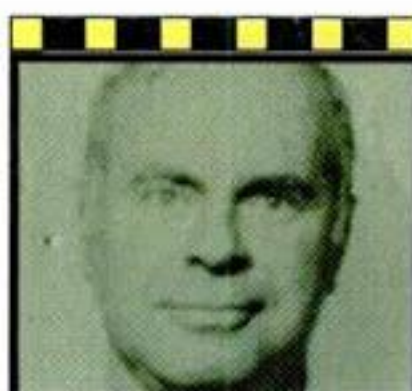
NAME: Dial Singh
ANAGRAM: Gain his D.L.
PROFILE: 34 violations: refusing service.
License revoked.



NAME: Sarbjeet Sahota
ANAGRAM: O.J. beat at her ass!
PROFILE: 47 violations: running red lights, failing to pay for insurance, refusing service. License suspended, but still driving.



NAME: Ian McFarlane
ANAGRAM: Man, life, 'n' a car
PROFILE: 25 violations: arguing with passengers, overcharging, arguing with police. Cannot be located to notify of suspension.



NAME: Raymond Colucci
ANAGRAM: Coin cloud my car
PROFILE: 19 violations: takes large bills and then insists received smaller amounts.
License revoked.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

February 12, 1995
To: Wm I. Koch
From: Kate de Castlebajac
Dear Bill,
To say that I'm in shock is an understatement...yes, you broke my heart. I feel so horribly used and taken advantage of....I gave you my love, my credibility, my friends, and an emotional, social, and intellectual life that you never knew before. People... remarked how happy they were to see that you could be with a woman who wasn't a bimbo...or a psychotic... I could easily create a disastrous situation and I suppose in my position most women who have been so horribly treated would do that. And it is quite obvious that being your enemy is much more lucrative than being your friend....I can't believe you would want to make an enemy of me...
Love, Kate

July 23, 1995
Dear Kate,
You did not give up your husband and everything for me....When I first became acquainted with you ..., you made numerous advances, you stated you were going to leave your husband for a variety of reasons, including the fact that he was "spaced out"...was hounded by his mother who hated you, had no sexual desires for you, etc. In fact you had an affair... before you met me.
I have found out you...charge[d] food, expensive wines, limos, gifts, etc. to my account at the Four Seasons.
That will stop...
Very truly yours,
Bill Koch

[The court found in favor of Koch. A separate palimony suit is pending.]

Long Time No See

Whither Charles Nelson Reilly, voice of a generation

Dear Charles: If I were you, I'd get a new publicist. The one you have now is keeping all of your fans in the media — namely me—away from you. When I wrote him that I was launching a column called "Long Time No See," and that *you* were to be the premiere

star, all I got was the "go scratch" routine. Honey-baby-sweetie-darling, how often does a national mag call for an interview? These aren't exactly your *Ghost and Mrs. Muir* salad days.

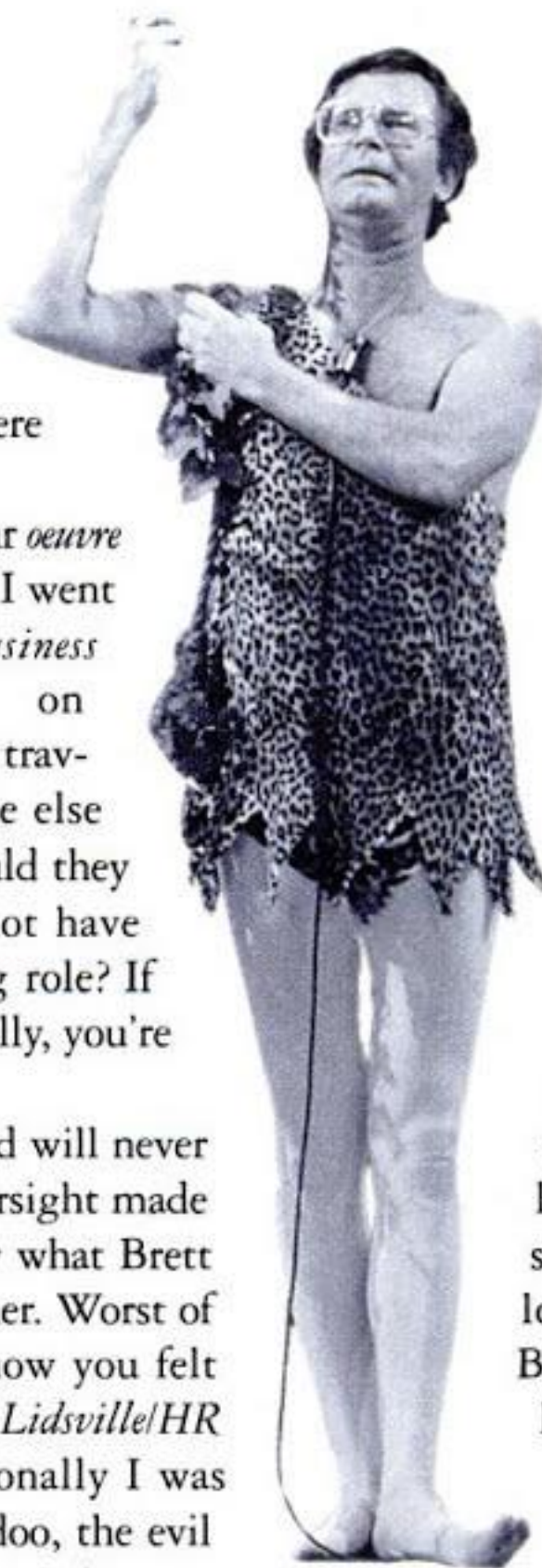
Anyway, I faxed your Man and left messages requesting an interview with you, the person I think of as the greatest character-actor-cum-Jell-O-pitchman who ever lived. But he made it clear that my interview wasn't a "priority." That was the ugly word he used. "Priority."

What *is* a priority for you, Charles Nelson? Is directing Ted Lange in *Driving Miss Daisy* so time consuming that you can't pick up the phone? I told your publicist you could use 1-800-COLLECT and I'd accept the charges. But no! Not a ring. It's times like these when I realize I should have interviewed Paul Lynde. If *he* didn't call, he'd have an excuse. He's dead.

Maybe I wouldn't mind not hearing from you if I didn't have so much to talk about. You haunt pop culture, big guy,

and no one understands your *oeuvre* better than I. For instance, I went to *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* on Broadway recently. What a travesty it was to see someone else play Bud Frump. How could they mount that revival and not have you in your Tony-winning role? If Carol Channing is still Dolly, you're still Frump.

Well, I guess the world will never know how that blatant oversight made you feel. We'll never know what Brett Somers was really like, either. Worst of all, we'll never find out how you felt when Nick at Nite had a *Lidsville/HR PufnStuff* marathon. Personally I was thrilled to see you as Hoodoo, the evil magician, flying around in a giant top hat wearing tons of eye makeup and chasing Butch Patrick. That show made me the man I am. It got my goat, though, that they called it a Pufapalooza. Anyone with half a brain knows that



Lidsville was better than *HR Pufnstuf*. They should have called the whole thing Chuckapalooza.

Well, when you get this letter—if your publicist lets you see it—I hope you grant an interview. I *was* hurt by the snub, but for every young man whose life was changed when he saw you in that giant yellow fruit suit selling Bic Banana Markers, I'll wait as long as it takes. How I itch to hear that "ha-hull" noise you make. Until we finally speak,

I remain,

Eternally yours, Frank.

P.S. Since you're friends with Ruth Buzzi, if she's free, would you give her my number? Thanks.

Bottom Line

You're The Top

SURVEY SEZ:

SIEGFRIED	57%
ROY	31%
WHAT?	12%



Cultural Flashcards

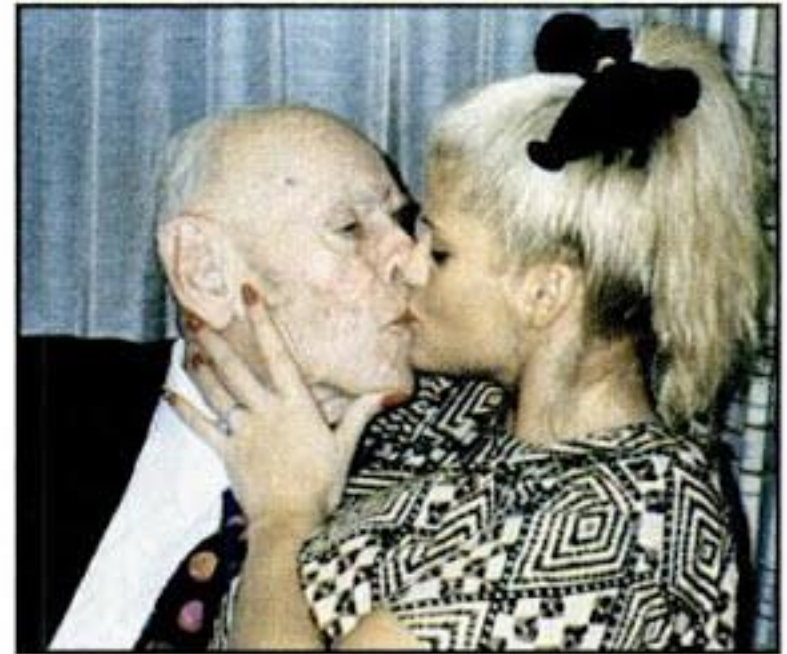
Bosom Buddies



The Seventies



The Eighties



The Nineties

Minnie the Moocher
Sylvia's Calendar

They call her an actress, we call her a way of life. She shows up at everything, always gets in, and never seems to work a day in her life. She is, of course, ageless, platinum blond-

headed, leopard-skin-wearing, paparazzi-addicted Sylvia Miles. The last film you may have seen her in was *Midnight Cowboy*, but here the second runner-up in the Dame Edna Everidge look-alike contest reveals a month in her glamorous life. Remember, as Sylvia says, "Why let life be a banquet when it can be an all-you-can-eat buffet?"



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Don't work	2 Don't work (again)	3 Call agent. Try 411 again.	4 Skoal sample giveaway. Bradlees, Union Square.	5	6 "Lose" invitations
7 Go to everything	8 Resell contents of party goody bags	9 Mooch	10 Buy Zip-Loc bags for benefit buffet	11 No work again today	12 Force shut-in neighbor to watch <i>Crossing Delancey</i>	13 Lunch Williams-Sonoma test kitchen (bring own toothpick)
14	15 Duane Reade Ribbon Cutting Ceremony	16 Scalp tickets to free movies in Bryant Park (bring yen conversion tables)	17 Unfill bird feeders. Make seven-grain risotto.	18 Freeload	19 Perform "Ruthless" medley at soup kitchen	20 Hijack God's Love We Deliver truck
21 Hand-letter WILL WORK FOR HORS D'OEUVRES sign	22 8:30 a.m. "Today" show appearance*	23 Pose for balloon likeness for upcoming Gay Day Parade	24 Forage	25 Call Quentin Crisp. Compare notes.	26 Send autographed picture to Kato Kaelin	27
28	29 Harvest neighbor's window box (tomatoes ripe?)	30				

*outside studio window

You've Come a Long Way, Baby

I Am Woman, Hear Me Flack

From the ERA to the NRA

Why should nasty, unfeeling men get to front for seal-clubbing fashion victims, trigger-happy gun nuts, and horny United States senators? Apparently, huckstering has become a specialty for women press agents. According to the Public Relations Society of America, flackettes now outnumber their male cohorts. Why? Because we're all suckers for spokes-babes and can't wait to hear what they have to say. —Mark Robinson

● Phyllis Schlafly, head of the Washington-based Eagle Forum (a conservative advocacy group) and one-time crusader against a nuclear freeze:

"The atomic bomb is a marvelous gift that was given to our country by a wise God." (*Mother Jones*, Nov./Dec. 1995)

● Jeanette Slepian of Oregonians for a Fair Hearing, to some of Bob Packwood's supporters:

"The bottom line is that this is about a Senate seat, not someone kissing someone every two years....The apology was the worst statement he could have given. I think it was awful because it was misunderstood." (*wire services*)

● Sandy Blye, executive vice president of the American Fur Industry:

"The issue here isn't whether people should wear fur, but whether anyone has the right to intimidate the public." (*San Jose*

Mercury News, Dec. 9, 1989)

● Jane Bockholt, a spokeswoman for retail bully Wal-Mart, defending the company after it decided to stop selling a T-shirt that proclaimed "Someday a woman will be president":

"It goes against Wal-Mart's family values....The T-shirt was offensive to some people, and so the decision was made to pull it." (*AP wire*, Sept. 22, 1995)

● Tanya ("It's 'ak' as in AK-47 and 'sa' as in semi-automatic") Metaksa, executive director of the National Rifle Association's Institute for Legislative Action:

"In its battle for the hearts of American women, the gun ban lobby has forgotten that American women have minds too. As women, we not only have the right and the

obligation to make our own decisions about safety and security—we have the intelligence to do so." (*Boston Globe*, December 2, 1994)

● Susan Howard, NRA board member, *Dallas* costar, and *Star Trek* Klingon:

"[Media people] don't like guns, so they crank up their barrels of ink and break out their satellite dishes and spill their mean-spirited rhetoric all across America." (*Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 22, 1995)



The Body Politic

How About Lefty?

Fisting the night away



Crotchety midwestern pol Bob Dole doesn't like to show off his war wounds, even though they're nearly as colorful as Lyndon B. Johnson's appendix scar or Bill Clinton's randy genitals. His grenade-enhanced right hand has become a favorite of political journalists, who regularly tax their limited-by-corporate-downsizing resources to limn adjectival portraits of that mangled mitt. We offer a sample of *les mots juste* culled from our nation's hardworking pundits and scribes.

—By Chris Nutter

shattered, lifeless,
like a porcupine spine (*The Independent*)

pitiful, clawlike (*New York Times*)

crippled (*Newsweek*)

ruined, spoiled (*The Scotsman*)

withered (*People*, *Arthritis Today*)

Severely scarred, smaller, shorter,
darker, crooked, wrinkled, still,
crabbed (*The New Republic*)

war-damaged (*Esquire*)

gnarled (*Time*)

Twisted, splayed, cramped,
spasmy, pointed, disabled,
shrapnel-riddled, achy (*Washington Post*)

useless (*The Denver Post*)

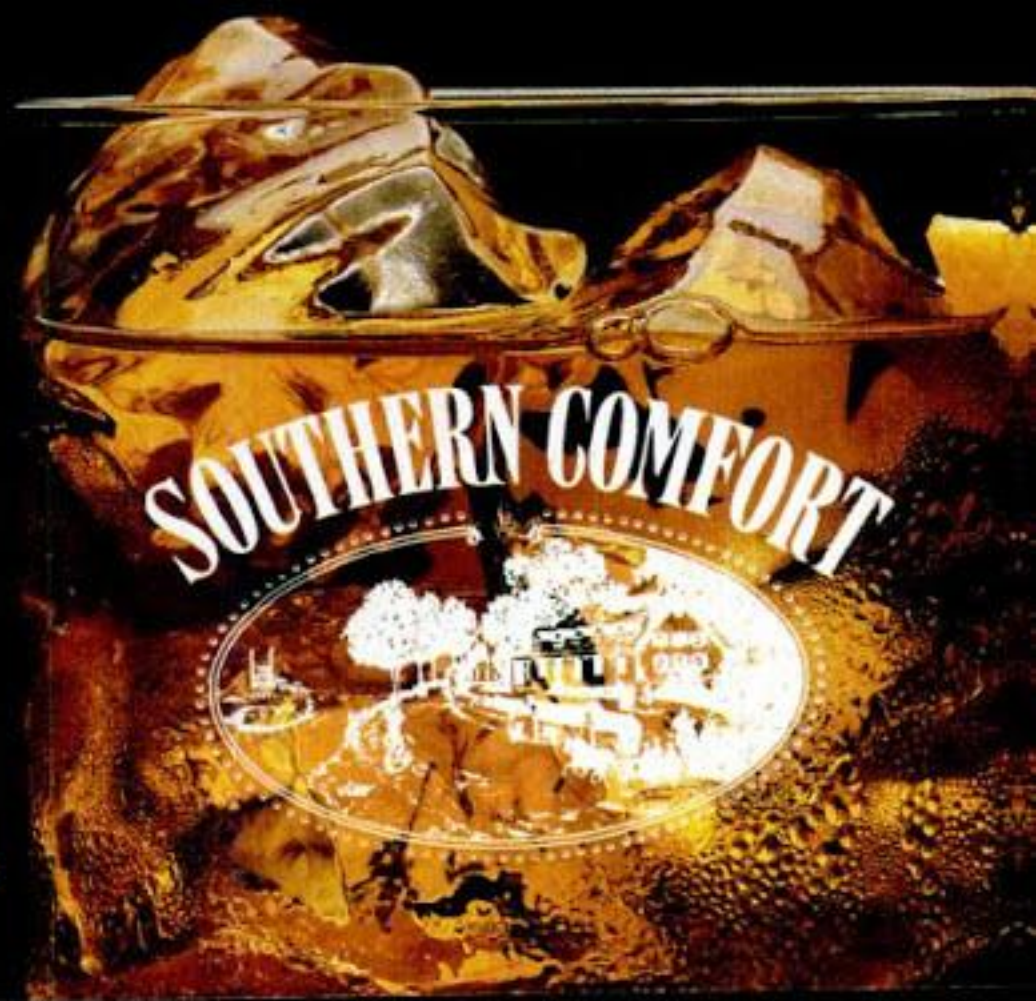


When you sip at life
it gets easier to swallow.

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1996

<http://www.southerncomfort.com>

Take it easy.



Oscar Wieners

Golden Moments from Silver Screen Champs

Thank God for the Oscar. It allows the stars to show the finesse, charm, and ineffable grace that allowed them to rise to the top of The Biz. —Brian Kennedy

1945

BARRY FITZGERALD — Beheads his Oscar at home while working on his golf swing.

1969

JANE FONDA — Gives a publicity interview to Rex Reed and other columnists at her dad's home while campaigning for an Oscar nomination. In the middle of her speech she pulls out a joint and asks, "You don't mind if I turn on, do you?" Then, she hears Henry coming home, leaps up, and starts waving her arms to blow the smoke out of her room. "I don't think the Academy will let her turn on," journalist Sidney Skol-sky mutters.



1989

ROB LOWE — Sings "Proud Mary" in a duet with Snow White, adding the lyrics "Rollin', rollin', keep the cameras rollin'." Disney later sues Academy for "unauthorized and unflattering" use of one of its trademark characters.



1951

FRED ASTAIRE — Forced to read the following Academy introduction for the Costume Design Award presenter, Jan Sterling: "She is the sort of girl who makes a man want to go home and saw off his wife's head below the ankles."



1953

CELESTE HOLM — Sings the nominated "Thumbelina" to a face painted on her thumb.

1955

DMITRI TIOMKIN — Begins the acceptance speech for his Dramatic Score Award with "I would like to thank my colleagues...Brahms, Bach, Beethoven, and Richard Strauss." "Unfortunately, I didn't intend to be funny," Tiomkin later writes in his autobiography.

1968

SAMMY DAVIS, JR. — Sings the Oscar-nominated song "Talk to the Animals" while wearing beads, platform shoes, and a Nehru jacket. He punctuates the song with cries of "Sock it to me baby!" and "Here come de judge, here come de judge."

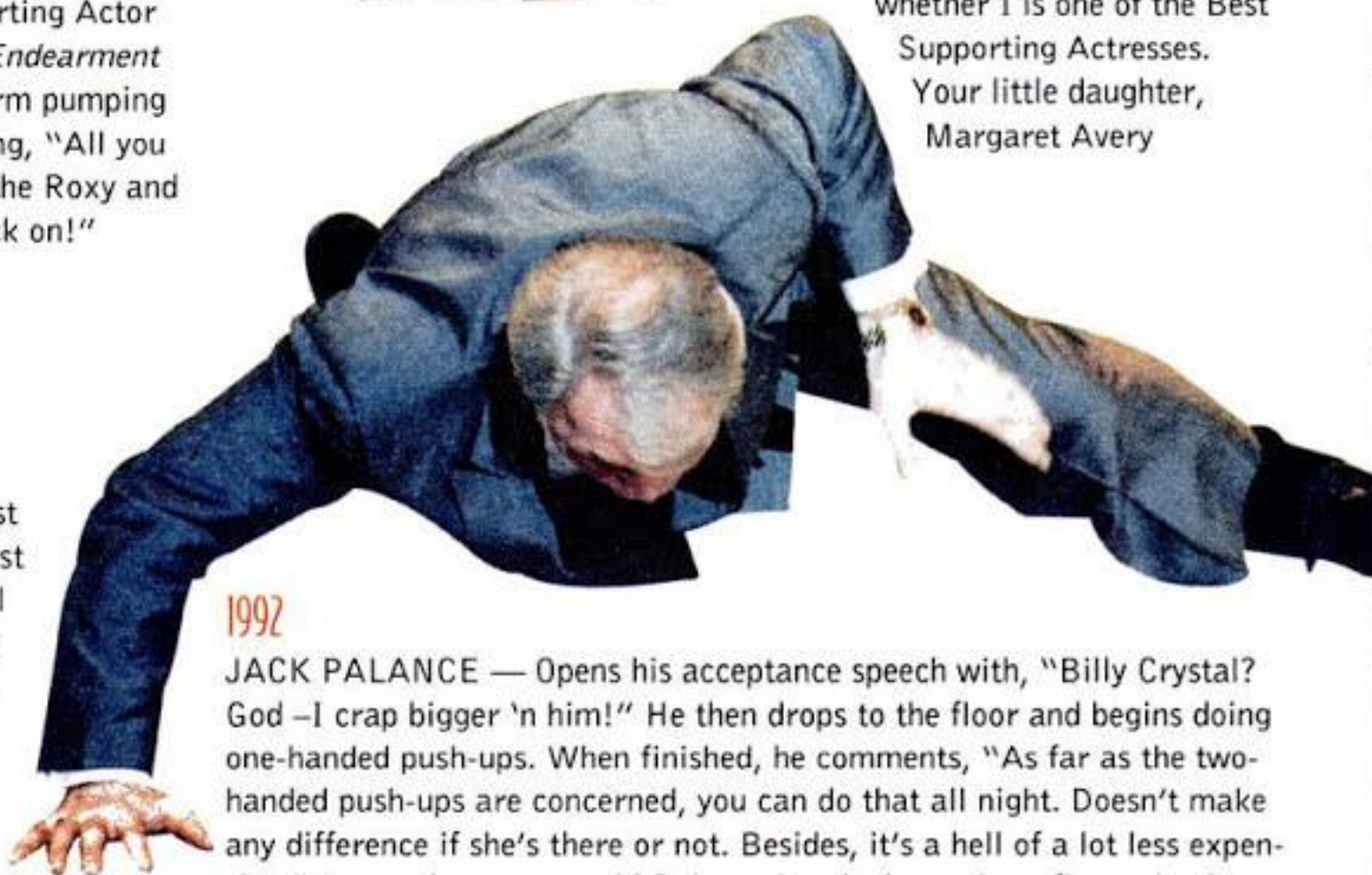


1984

JACK NICHOLSON — Accepts the 1983 Best Supporting Actor Award for *Terms of Endearment* with sunglasses on, arm pumping in the air, and shouting, "All you rock people down at the Roxy and up at the Rockies, rock on!"

1995

TOM HANKS — Wins Best Actor for portraying Forrest Gump and declares, "I feel as though I'm standing on magic legs in a special-effects process shot that's too unbelievable to imagine and far too costly to make a reality."



1992

JACK PALANCE — Opens his acceptance speech with, "Billy Crystal? God—I crap bigger 'n him!" He then drops to the floor and begins doing one-handed push-ups. When finished, he comments, "As far as the two-handed push-ups are concerned, you can do that all night. Doesn't make any difference if she's there or not. Besides, it's a hell of a lot less expensive." Later, the 72-year-old Palance is asked to write a fitness book.

1947

RONALD REAGAN — As the newly-elected Screen Actors Guild president, narrates the opening montage, "A Parade of Stars," failing to notice that the film is being shown upside down, backward, and projected on the ceiling.



1958

ZSA ZSA GABOR — Announces a station break: "For me to break a little station should be easy, so c'mon, children, let us play."

1966

LEE MARVIN — Announces to Rod Steiger, while both nominees are waiting in their seats, "You know why they put me ahead of you? Because when they call your name I am going to stick my big foot out and you are going to fall on your ass!"

1986

MARGARET AVERY — Places an ad: Dear God...I knows dat I been blessed by Alice Walker, Steven Spielberg, and Quincy Jones, who gave me the part of "Shug" Avery in *The Color Purple*. Well, God, the time has come fo' the Academy's voters to decide whether I is one of the Best Supporting Actresses. Your little daughter, Margaret Avery

Are You Paying Too Much For Life Insurance?

Depending on the company you select, a 45-year old man can pay anywhere from about \$40 to over \$100 per month for a \$250,000 10-year term life policy. And similar cost ranges exist for other people seeking other coverage levels.

To Avoid Overpaying, Call For A Free Quote


Through Matrix Direct Insurance Services, you can purchase affordable term life policies from highly-rated insurance companies. What's more, one quick call to Matrix Direct will tell you if you're paying more for life insurance than others, and provide you with an instant quote at savings of up to 75%.

Guaranteed Monthly Premiums For 10-Year-Term Preferred Nonsmokers

COVERAGE	AGE 35		AGE 45	
	MALE	FEMALE	MALE	FEMALE
\$100,000	\$10.88	\$10.01	\$17.84	\$14.79
\$250,000	\$19.36	\$17.18	\$36.76	\$29.15
\$500,000	\$33.50	\$29.15	\$68.30	\$53.07

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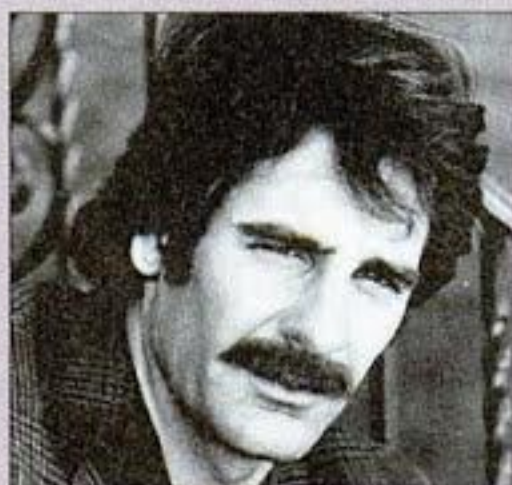
Separated at Birth?



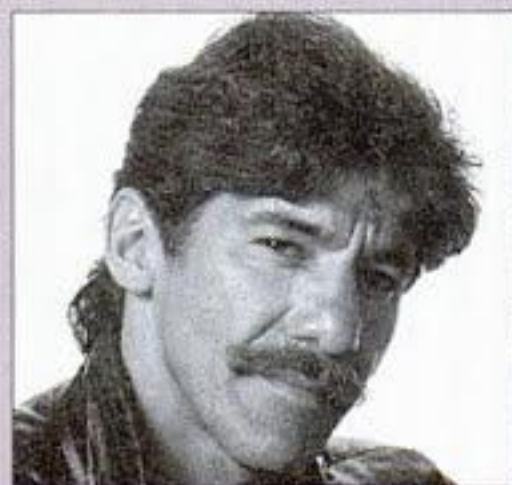
Puffy-faced, newly resurrected Donald Trump...



...and puffy-faced still-dead Elvis?



Bohunk actor Scott Bakula...



...and Bobo Doll boxer Geraldo Rivera?



Hollow-cheeked model Nadjia Auermann...



...and hollow-headed ex-rockstar Deborah Harry?



Anti-contraceptive pontiff John Paul II...



... and anti-capitalist premier Nikita Kruschev?



Eddie Haskell-ish demagogue Ralph Reed...



... and the Beaver?

Take That!

Killing Over Spilt Milk

America's most pointless homicides

At least O.J. Simpson had a motive. Some of the other accused killers in our heart-shaped world have acted, well, a tad more rashly. One minute their brother is messing with their sock drawer or spilling bleach on their pants... —*Chuck Shepherd*

➤ **The Hideous Crime:** Lawrence J. Lannin burned apartment down, killing his host's girlfriend in College Park, MD.
The Outlandish Justification: She changed TV channels without permission.

➤ **The HC:** Steven Michael Harvey shot mother and father to death in Norphlet, AR.
The OJ: The parents failed to sympathize with the Oakland Raiders after a series of unfair calls.

➤ **The HC:** Robert Clay shot brother to death in Rockford, IL.
The OJ: The brother disturbed the socks in Clay's dresser drawer.

➤ **The HC:** Larry Simmons allegedly shot man to death in Kansas City, MO.
The OJ: The man stepped on Simmons's foot at a party.

➤ **The HC:** Vu Phan stabbed wife to death in Denver, CO.
The OJ: Mrs. Phan spent too much time talking on long distance.

➤ **The HC:** Aziz Safouana stomped two-year-old son Mohammed to death in Seattle, WA.
The OJ: His son repeatedly failed to recite a prayer properly.

➤ **The HC:** Hattie McCall shot friend in Montgomery, AL.
The OJ: The friend laughed too heartily about the fact that McCall wears size 11 shoes.

➤ **The HC:** Baptist deacon Donald Graham shot man to death with a crossbow in Mansfield, MA.
The OJ: Man flashed high beams at Graham when trying to pass.

➤ **The HC:** James Mays shot Hal Mason to death in Birmingham, AL.
The OJ: He beat Mays in a foot race at a wedding reception frolic.

➤ **The HC:** Ramundo Leadro stabbed brother-in-law to death in Rio de Janeiro.
The OJ: He cheered a tad too vigorously when a goalie stopped a Brazilian World Cup team shot.

➤ **The HC:** Jeffrey Allen shot roommate to death in Minneapolis, MN.
The OJ: The roommate ate cereal that didn't belong to him.

➤ **The HC:** Man shot another in a garage in Vallejo, CA.
The OJ: The two men had a heated argument over a Ping-Pong game.

➤ **The HC:** James Payne clubbed brother's girlfriend to death with an ax in Robson, WV.
The OJ: She poured bleach on his pants in the wash.

➤ **The HC:** Manuel Waisome allegedly shot clerk to death in New York City.
The OJ: The clerk didn't refund Waisome's quarter that had been eaten by a pay phone.

SUNSET BOULEVARD

MICHAEL JACKSON

AS NORMA DESMOND IN:

By
MICHAEL
DOUGAN

WITH SPECIAL APPEARANCES

BY:

JOHNNY COCHRAN,
QUINCY JONES,
AND BUBBLES
THE CHIMP



Pushing the Envelope

I JUST FOUND OUT FOR SURE who killed Vince Foster, and if you'll read on,

I'll explain how you can prevent the senseless slaughter of hundreds of golden retriever puppies while you effortlessly double your annual income.

HOW'S THAT FOR an envelope teaser? I'm trying to more than double my own income by breaking into the Fright Mail business. Here are people that hunt and peck on a keyboard for a living just like I do, but who get to swim in their own pools and drive Lexus cars as though they have real jobs with a real income. They read the *Wall Street Journal* because it's relevant to their lives. They make enough money—well into six figures is not unusual, I'm told—to have a personal stake in capital gains tax reductions. So I'm thinking that a career reorientation may be in order: to learn how to be one of the few, the proud, the junk mail copy writers.

First off, a slight attitude adjustment is required. Ornery self-righteousness won't get me anywhere in my new professional clime, so I'm going to have to learn to not be so ethically uptight. "I have very loose morals," explains Huey (not his real name), an enormously successful 20-year veteran of direct mail copywriting and one of three Washington, D.C.-based specialists who have agreed to show me the ropes. In this ghoulish trade, every day is Halloween, and we direct mail writers are like professional trick-

or-treaters. "We manipulate people's darker motives," Huey says. "The objective is to raise money and the way to do that is to get the recipient's emotions involved." What about appealing to people's hopes? I ask meekly. A gush of laughter reveals that I'm not yet catching on. This is real money—roughly billions and billions raised every year. "I can't say that the upbeat, Pollyannaish approach never works, but it's certainly been my experience that we're more effective if we can get someone really wound up about an issue."

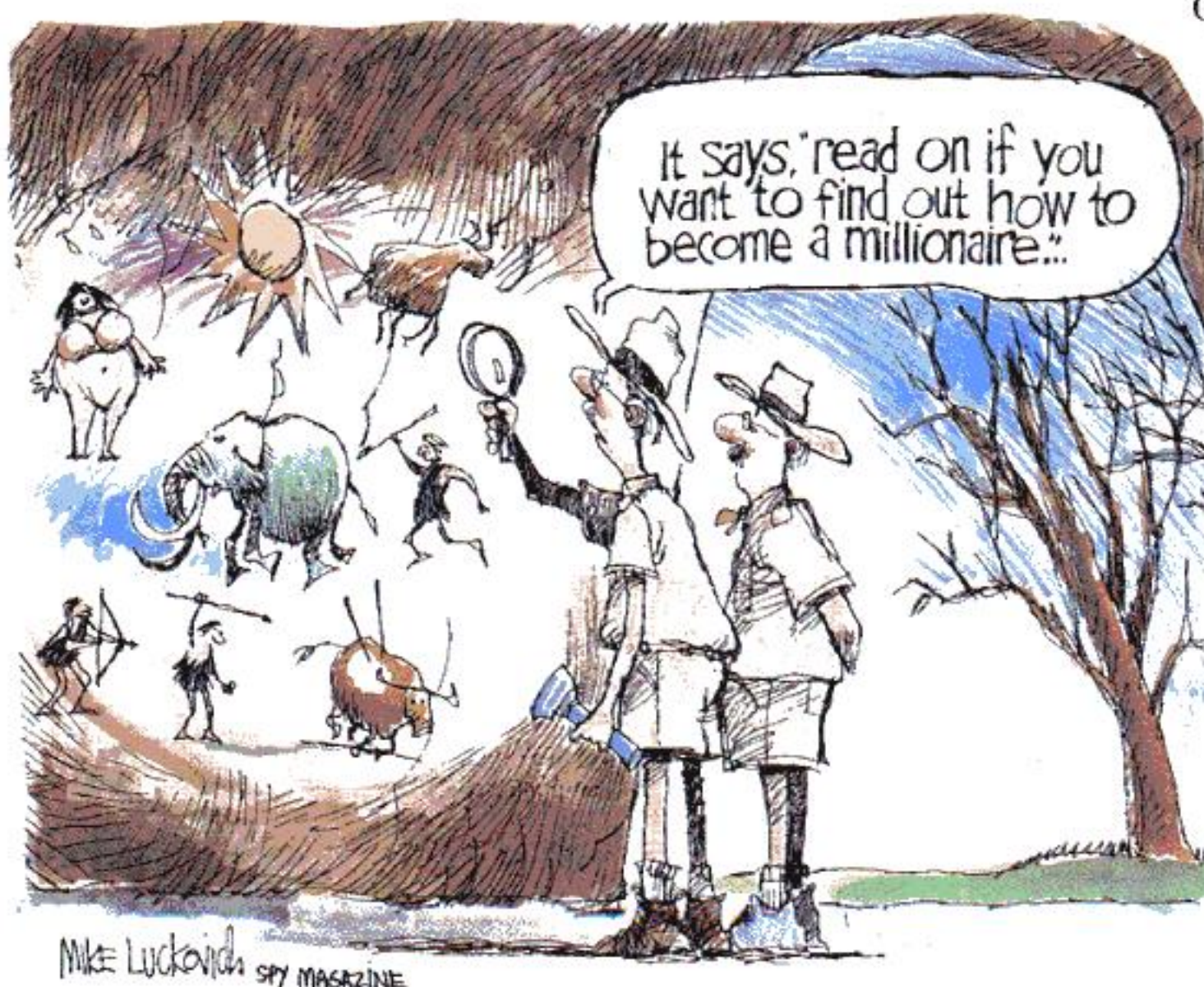
Enough contemplative musing; I'm eager to get down to shop talk—the actual mechanics of fright. The envelope teaser, I'm told, is paramount. "Half the battle is getting the person to open the

letter," explains Dewey (also not his real name), my second guide. "Something like, 'Information You Requested Enclosed,' or 'Will Bill Clinton's Bosnia policy bring more young soldiers back in a box?' Something like that."

IT DOESN'T MATTER that the recipient hasn't actually requested any information, of course. Theirs is a game of make-believe, a giant costume party at which you, the direct mail recipient, always play the fool. I ask Huey and Dewey if they've seen my current favorite envelope teaser making the rounds: the faux-personal "The Favor of a Reply Is Requested," intending to pry the envelope open by calling up some disassociative guilt in the recipient's mind?

Oh yes, they know that one. "That has proven to be an effective technique," Huey says. "We're always looking for the next gimmick."

In case a new one doesn't come along, though, there are plenty of old standbys such as the fishing expedition. "This technique is to give somebody so much bait that they can't resist it," explains Louie, fright writer number three (coincidentally, also not his birth name). "That pushes one of three great motivating but-



tons we humans have: Greed."

The other two buttons, I am told, are Sex and Fear, and I should always aim to push at least one if I expect my targets to voluntarily give away some of their hard-earned cash. "Fear is the one used most in politics," says Louie. "It is a big motivator for most people of most ages. That can be fear of a lot of things: fear of missing the boat, fear of voting for the wrong guy, fear of economic collapse." If you don't open this letter—apocalypse now.

Here's one key American industry that isn't going to get shipped off to Malaysia anytime soon. It's not just a mastery of polished, nuanced English that one needs, I'm beginning to realize. It also requires our cowboy gumption. "I have a little bit of a wild West attitude," admits Huey. Indeed, though he's conservative by temperament, he'll happily work for almost any political cause. "The liberals do the same thing and they do it just as well. Greenpeace is just as *vivid* as the NRA—the rape of the oceans and the merciless slaughter of seal pups and whatnot."

"It's an emotional way of writing," adds the understated Dewey. "Let's say we're talking about the health-care issue. So we call Clinton's plan Socialized Death."

I might hone my craft, build up a reputation for cunning and dread, and eke out a nice living if I keep at this. But I'll never enjoy the luxury of old, the golden days of fright mail, when there wasn't so much clutter and the envelope teaser wasn't even necessary. "This was a time," Huey recalls nostalgically of the days before the desktop publishing revolution, "when people would get very little other than personal mail. Now there's just a ton of junk mail, and you've got to compete with all that other stuff in the mailbox."

ON THE OTHER HAND, modern technology has also been a boon to the industry. You wouldn't throw away a letter from your own grandma, would you? "We can now do laser-printed outer envelopes without any window on them,"

Huey explains, "and make it look like a personal letter—which people will always open first."

Near the end of my conversation with Dewey, he unveils the atom bomb of envelope teasers: the certified letter. Great power, great danger. "If you ever send a certified mailing," he warns, "the first thing you want to say is 'I'm sorry if I caused you any inconvenience. But this is urgent!' because you get a lot of people who have to drive twenty or twenty-five miles just to pick it up. Then when they find out it's junk mail, they can get pretty upset."

Certified mail coercion, fake personal missives, false portraits of economic Armageddon—very wild West. "In the heat of the moment," says Louie, "people often get carried away. They wind up putting out mail that they probably shouldn't. There's a line between scaring people gratuitously and creating a word picture that is based in reality."

There is one venture my three caballeros, who, after all, raise money for legitimate organizations, will not lend their immense powers of persuasion to: the no-cause cause. "These organizations raise money in order to raise more money," Huey says incredulously. "They'll say, 'Please send us twenty-five dollars so we can alert more people to this problem.' Which means mail out more letters. They don't consist of much more than a box of stationery, and yet they make millions of dollars for the agency, the letter shop companies, the production companies, and so on. But the issue—whether it's starving people in India or some right-wing reactionary thing dreamed up by Richard Viguerie—never really gets addressed. That does happen out there, and it's a serious problem."

Blast it all. Those no-cause cause scoundrels are enough to give all of us professional button pushers a bad name.—David Shenk

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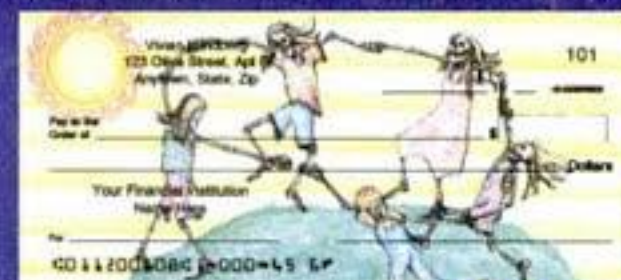
Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Exceptional Banknotes



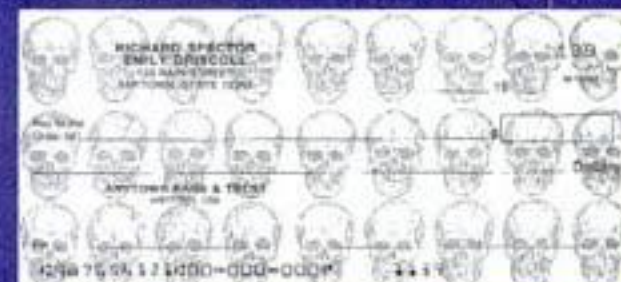
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EW.com Feng Shui

Is Manhattan perfect? Sure the squeegee men have been banished to the outer boroughs, heat-packing peace officers ensure the smooth flow of traffic, and welfare mothers no longer risk back strain by carrying around large amounts of dough. But where's the harmony, sweet harmony? Is New York City's universal life force — or *ch'i* — everything it could be? No, it's certainly not; what this town needs is *Feng Shui* (pronounced "fung shway"), which, literally translated, means "wind

and water." It's the ancient Chinese art of object placement that balances the *ch'i* and improves overall health by living, thinking, sleeping, loving, breathing, and working better—which results in greater prosperity.

Even such healthful, good-thinking, right-sleeping, hard-loving, deep-breathing, ever-prospering creatures as Mike Ovitz



Good

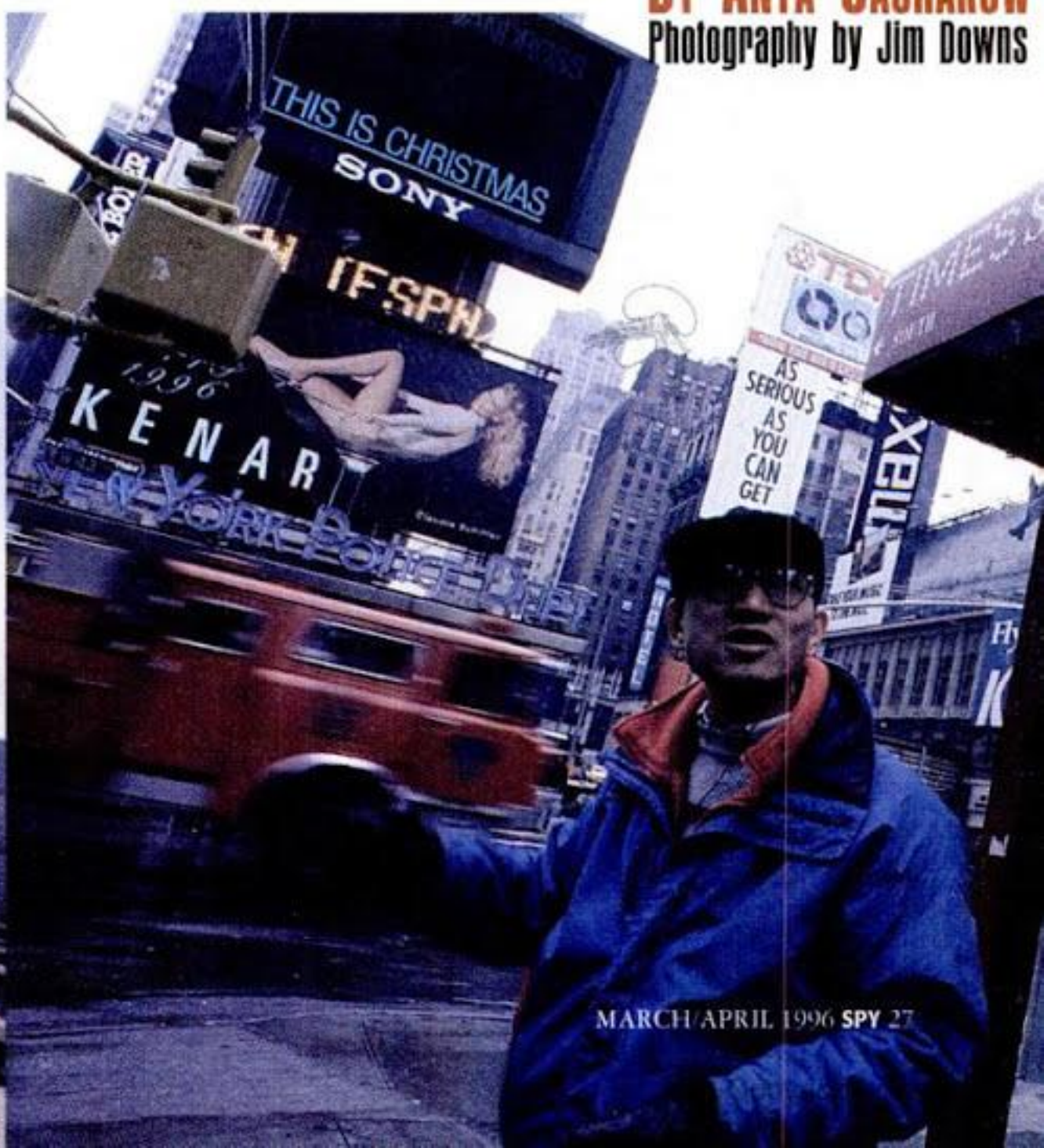
Tonight

and Donald Trump endorse Feng Shui, so never let it be said that SPY passed up a chance to further their good works. We elicited the assistance of Mr. R. D. Chin, architect, designer, and disciple of Professor Lin Yun, the master of the Black Hat Sect of the Tibet Tantric Buddhist school of Feng Shui. Mr. Chin's mission? To Feng Shui New York.

Armed with a *ba-gua*, an octagonal tool that maps the spatial coordinates of the eight Feng Shui components of good health: fame, wealth and power, family, knowledge, career, helpful people, travel, and relationships, Mr. Chin set forth to rate the ch'i level on a scale of one to ten, and then offer Feng

Shui-inspired improvements for these Gotham landmarks: the Guggenheim, Trump Tower, the World Trade Center, the Brooklyn Bridge, Penn Station, and Times Square. Don't thank us. Just stay balanced.

By **ANYA SACHAROW**
Photography by Jim Downs



The Guggenheim Museum

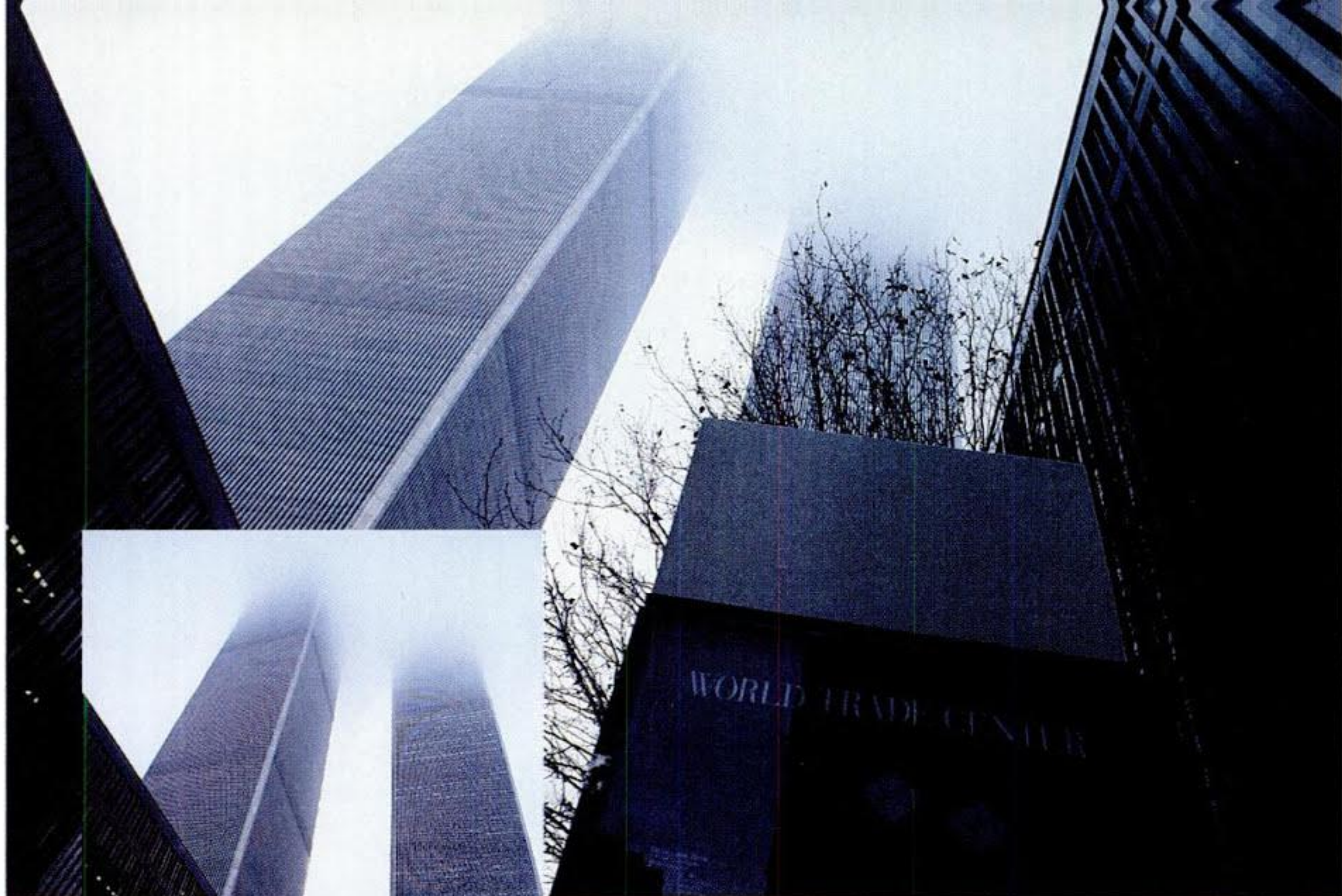
The Guggenheim, circular legacy of that proud flatlander Frank Lloyd Wright, is a Feng Shui overachiever. According to the ba-gua, the main atrium is almost perfectly laid out. On the helpful/people side of the ba-gua is the ticket counter. The knowledge side holds the information desk, while the wealth and power corner contains an energy-attracting fountain bubbling merrily. The round shape of the building connotes love, compassion, and wholeness—not, contrary to popular opinion, a toilet bowl. Chin warned the energy pulled up into the spires (a ch'i score of $8\frac{1}{2}$) might be floating too high. He suggests plantings along the walls to ground the energy.



Trump Tower

Short-fingered acolyte Donald Trump may have been introduced to the mystic secrets of the East by dim New-Agey trophy wife Marla. If so, it's no surprise that Trump Tower earned an 8 on the ch'i scale. Aiming the ba-gua on Trump Tower, the water fountain shows up on the fame side, which sucks money right into the space. "And that's what Trump is all about," said Chin. The





The World Trade Center

Maybe the bombers were just a bunch of happy-go-lucky Feng Shui activists because as spatial harmony goes, the World Trade Center is the pits. These twin mausoleums of Bauhaus can only muster a picayune ch'i energy level of three. The large black gate that blocks the main entrance to the Towers indicates a blockage of career. Two fractured sculptures, a black one and a global one, reflect the 1993 bombing. "Energy goes in cycles. Here the energy is on a downhill. It has to be built back up again." Luckily, a skating rink is being built at the plaza, which should bring energy to the site. Our suggestion? Chintz curtains.



escalators, located on the wealth and power corner, help regulate the flow of money in and out. However, on the marriage/relationship/commitment side sits a large empty wall. "That's an obstruction in the marriage corner," said Chin. "And what happened to Trump?"

Chin's advice? Add a round element to the wall: it would help Trump's marriage.



The Brooklyn Bridge

The Brooklyn Bridge—that perpetually renewable sale item and legendary link to places we don't want to go—empowers the southern tip of Manhattan. According to the ba-gua, the bridge acts as a force line that fuels the energy of Wall Street (so when the Dow Jones hits 10,000, you'll know which thoroughfare to thank). Because so much energy shoots off the crowded, humming span, Chin couldn't even rate it. And all that excess energy puts the buildings directly across the street, including the Mayor's office, in danger of bad Feng Shui. "I'd suggest some kind of barrier over here or a water fountain to defract all the energy," said Chin. "Then the mayor would be more focused."

Guiliani more focused? Oh God, no.

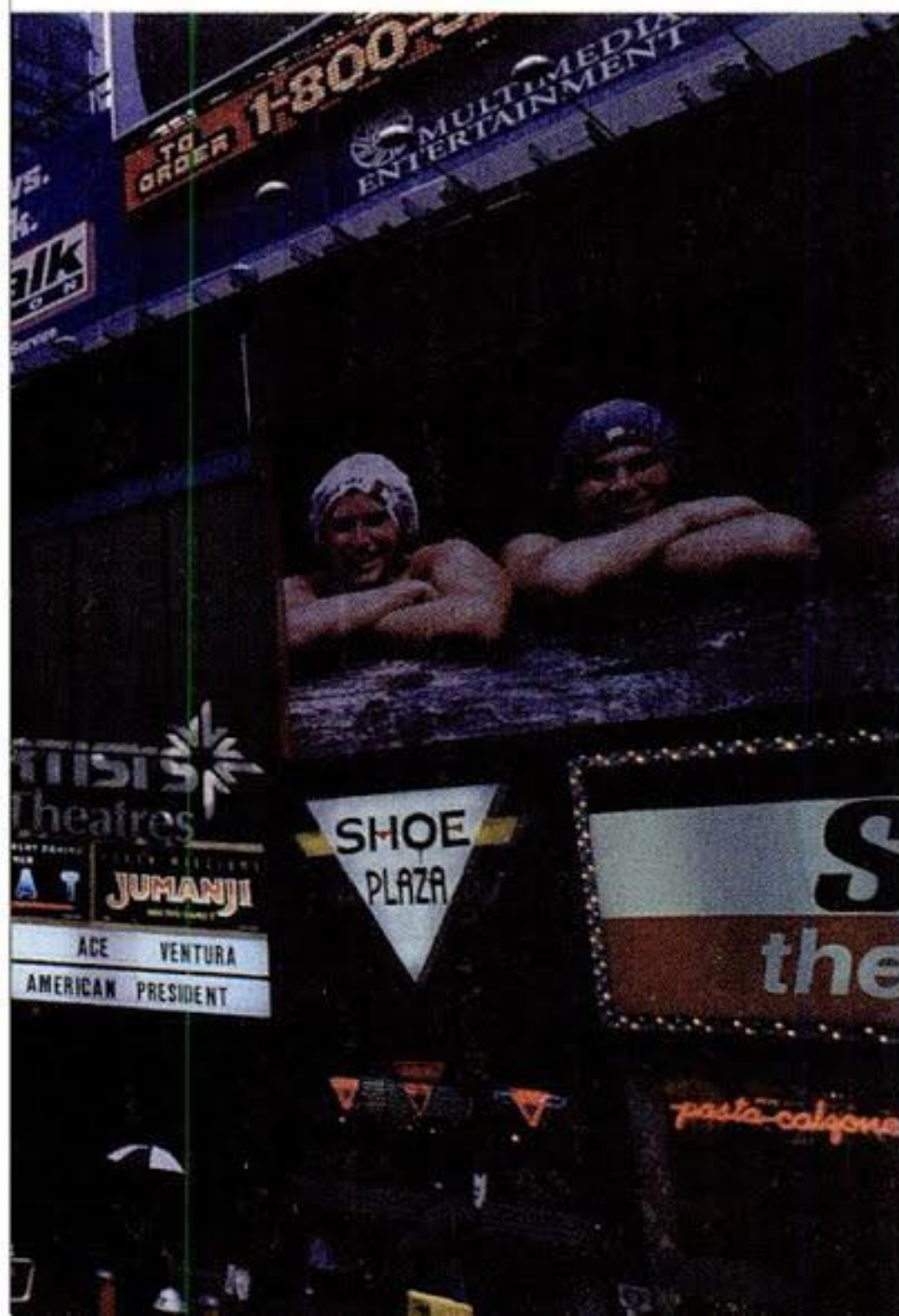




Pennsylvania Station

This pit of subterranean confusion recently underwent a renovation and our expert rated the station's ch'i energy at a surprisingly high five. Along the now pristine LIRR corridor, mirrors reduce stress, round stainless steel columns allow good energy flow, and Maya Lin's artwork pulls in natural earth energy. In the main Amtrak area, Chin again suggested adding water: "A fountain or pool would make the space more harmonious and would be a nice focal point to create a center."

Perhaps the fountain would be best placed near the phone banks, where herds of entrepreneurs selflessly memorize travelers' long-distance phone codes and then resell them.



Times Square



Onto the latest outpost in the Disney empire: Times Square. According to Chin, this hustling, bustling 'hood is full of fire energy, not just tourists, maniacal cabbies, street corner preachers, and Japanese tourists looking for half-price tickets to *Grease*. This fire energy shoots out from the pointed shapes of the streets, corners of the buildings, blinking lights, Sony's Jumbotron, and the streaming cars. Chin rated the ch'i energy at 10. However, so much fire energy pulsating like a disco ball creates an imbalance. The energy flowing in and out, as well as the impure intentions of the skin trade, undermine the space, resulting in an imbalance of energy or a base level of emotion. "From a Feng Shui perspective the ch'i is low," he said. "It's a lot of energy, but it's not grounded or balanced. That's keeping Times Square not prosperous." Chin suggested ringing the area with trees and replacing the underwear billboards with pictures of flowers. But what does he plan to do about *Grease*?

Hef's daughter Christie has

Can Playboy

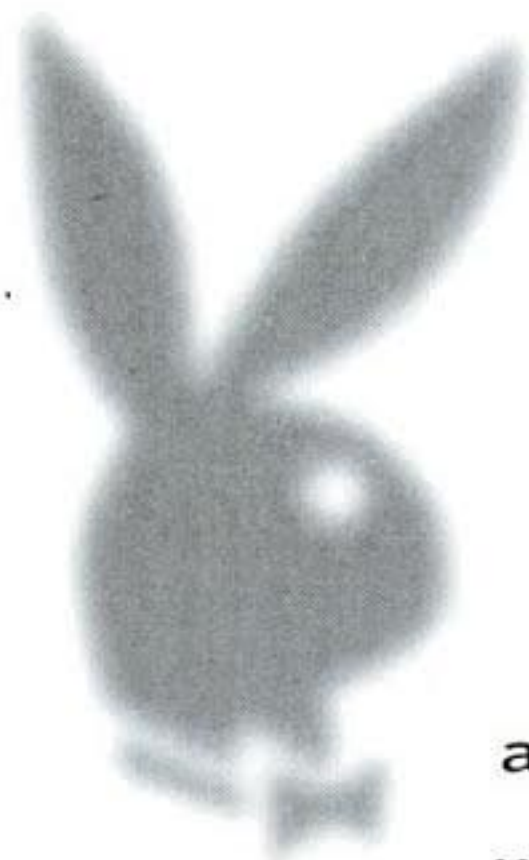
left his empire in shambles

y Get It Up?

BY GREG EASLEY

MARCH/APRIL 1996 SPY 33

Copyrighted material



Hugh Hefner pauses to contemplate the prodigies and wonders that

have sprung forth from his fruitful loins. Not just Playboy magazine, but also 43-year-old daughter, heir-apparent, feminist, and Playboy CEO Christie Hefner. And what Hef—never Hugh, always Hef—sees through his septuagenarian haze is good, you betcha! In his throaty voice he tells me, “Quite frankly, if she had not been born into it, our promotions department would have had to invent her.” And maybe they did.

MEET MYTH AMERICA

Hef, who turns 70 on April 9, is certainly no stranger to self-invention. With his magazine’s tongue-lolling success, his legendary (and endlessly recited) seduction of more than 1,000 women, his impossibly decadent mansion, and his 1989 marriage to once-and-future Playmate Kimberly Conrad (38 years his junior), Hef succeeded in shaping his life into the stuff of American myth.

Today critics are beginning to wonder if Christie, self-proclaimed feminist and self-styled savior of her father’s company, has not inherited his taste for myth making. Prominent feminists, who once viewed Christie as a ray of hope, now believe she has misappropriated their name and exploited their gender. And on a less abstract level, media watchers are wondering if this one-time publishing juggernaut still has enough juice left to be jump-started, after years of Christie’s effort to do just that.

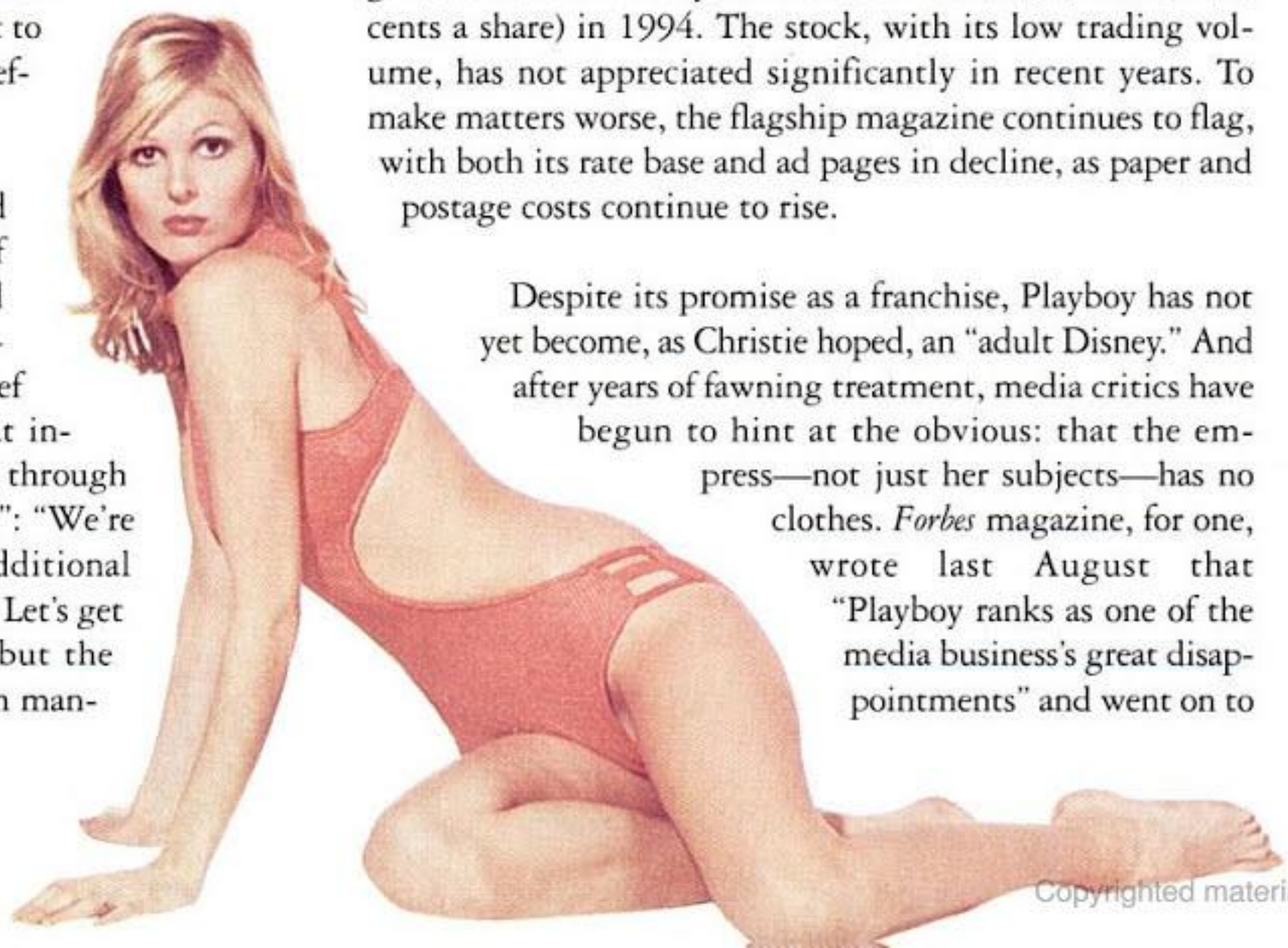
The distinction between image and reality became vivid when I asked Hef about one of the countless rumors I heard while researching this story: that his 42-year-old company was on the block. Hef replied, with characteristic candor, that indeed Playboy had been actively seeking, through the Ovitz-less CAA, “strategic alliances”: “We’re looking for an infusion in terms of additional management and an infusion of capital.” Let’s get this straight. Christie saved Playboy but the company still needs partners to pump in management and money?

Christie, somewhat surprised by my knowledge of the would-be liaison, dismissed the move as a small step in the company’s march to domination. “We’re going back into the casino business, and we’re also looking to expand our Playboy On-line service, and we’d like to do more Playboy television networks overseas,” she told me. “In all three of those businesses,” she continued, “if we had more revenue, if we had more rather than less capital, we could have a bigger ownership position, which we think could be a good thing.”

DISNEY FOR ADULTS?

Obviously. But the numbers in the annual report don’t exactly paint Playboy as a global empire waiting to unfurl its bunny-bedecked banners in new climes. With revenues approaching \$250 million in 1995, the company earned a meager 3 cents a share last year and lost a total of \$9.5 million (48 cents a share) in 1994. The stock, with its low trading volume, has not appreciated significantly in recent years. To make matters worse, the flagship magazine continues to flag, with both its rate base and ad pages in decline, as paper and postage costs continue to rise.

Despite its promise as a franchise, Playboy has not yet become, as Christie hoped, an “adult Disney.” And after years of fawning treatment, media critics have begun to hint at the obvious: that the empress—not just her subjects—has no clothes. *Forbes* magazine, for one, wrote last August that “Playboy ranks as one of the media business’s great disappointments” and went on to







blame Christie. But she is quick to defend herself, noting that *Forbes's* grim conclusion was based on flawed premises. Take, for example, the question of Playboy's cash reserves. When she took over, the company had \$35 million in the bank; today the reserves are down to \$1.5 million. Christie invested the money, for the most part, in TV and video; some media analysts support her theory that electronic entertainment, not print, will drive the company in years to come. The returns on this investment, however, have still been negligible: in 1995 the net income of Playboy's entertainment division was less than a million dollars on \$51 million in revenues.

TALKING THE TALK

Given her track record, media watchers—*Forbes* included—have been astonishingly easy on Christie. Why? Hef, on one hand, historically made no secret of his disinterest in business and was far more likely to sport silk pajamas than silk ties. In contrast, Christie brings to the compa-

late, in her confident voice, that the company is finally coming around, outsiders usually accept her on blind faith.

People who have watched her work are less charitable. "Christie is book smart," says one former associate, "but she doesn't understand publishing." "Christie is great at one thing only—putting on a face for the public," says another insider. "She's got an MBA mentality but not the goods, so she's a disaster at running the business." One of *Playboy's* fundamental problems, the latter told me, is that, "You have to fight to get her to do the right thing for herself, so she wears people down....Eventually people stop fighting since it's not worth it. If they fight, they lose favor."

CHRISTIE IN CHARGE

After graduating summa cum laude from Brandeis and working at the *Boston Phoenix*, Christie joined the family business in 1975. Her first two projects—opening

"CHRISTIE IS BOOK SMART, BUT SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND PUBLISHING."

ny everything it lacked under her father (who still controls more than 70 percent of the company's voting shares)—a mature work ethic, a strong global vision, and a willingness to make tough business decisions. When she stands up to articu-

a boutique in the Playboy Building and securing financial support for magazine entrepreneurs—both foundered. Nonetheless, she was made a vice president in time for a 25th-anniversary celebration, which she organized. Seven years after ar-

living at Playboy, Christie, 29, was named president, as conveyed in an article entitled "The Women of *Playboy*." (Unlike many of her female coworkers, Christie did not disrobe, or even pose, in any of the article's photos.)

AFTER YEARS OF CHRISTIE'S TOUCH, PLAYBOY CAN BARELY POST A PROFIT

In 1982, the year Christie took over, Playboy Enterprises reported a loss of \$51,681,000. Due to regulatory breaches, the company's casinos in London had been shut down the year before, and the temporary license for its newly constructed casino in Atlantic City was then revoked (in a dashing display of nonchalance, Hef neglected to prepare for the deposition, which included inquiries into Playboy's tainted payments for a New York liquor license 20 years before; the Casino Control Commission of New Jersey subsequently found him unqualified to hold a license). Since the early 70s, Playboy's gaming ventures, especially the London casinos, had been the tail that wagged the dog, covering the company's sky-high administrative and promotional costs as well as its money-losing clubs and hotels. In 1981, for example, gaming brought in a profit of \$39 million on \$110 million in revenues, vis-à-vis magazine publishing's \$6 million profit on revenues of \$136 million.

With gaming out of the picture, Christie had no choice but to cut back the sprawling company. She slashed corporate overhead, sold off failing divisions, and closed the Playboy clubs. Today the Playboy workforce hovers around 600 people, down from 1,700 in 1982, and the business is now consolidated into four divisions: publishing, catalogs, entertainment, and product marketing. Last year revenues increased by 13 percent, but Christie's company can barely post a profit, and its stock wallows at about \$8 a share. What happened?

NICE DIGS, HEF

While Christie has done an admirable job of streamlining the business, she does have a tendency to make decisions that can be deemed less than appropriate for a company with negligible profits. Playboy, for example, continues to pay about \$4 million a year for Hef's Los Angeles mansion and the 60-person staff required to run it. Insiders also point to Christie's 1993 decision to spend \$8 million to refurbish the Playboy offices. As one former employee delicately explained, "The new offices were set up in a really extravagant style, at a time when a dispassionate person would have been looking for other business ventures."

Playboy continues to pump money into everything from soft-core videos to its Web site, leading one to wonder why it avoids the business it knows best: magazines. Beside the flagship publication and its

spin-offs, the only notable product to make it to the newsstand since the 70s was *Oui*, a more explicit Eurotrashy version of *Playboy*, designed to go head-to-head with *Penthouse*. From the perspective of Arthur Kretchmer, *Playboy*'s editorial director, *Oui* was "a magazine that was very successful for a year and then lost its way." It may have fallen short of expectations, but one can see in *Oui* the glimmer of a good idea. In

opposition to *Playboy*'s sweet-smelling, lightly frosted version of femininity, *Oui* had the potential to offer what many buyers of men's magazines really wanted: pictures of women to help them get off.

Playboy sold *Oui* in 1981 and, with the exception of a short-lived stint publishing *Games*, made no serious attempt to rise from the ranks of one-trick publishers until the late 80s. In 1990, Barry Golson, the editor responsible for the infamous Jimmy Carter interview, developed a prototype for what seemed like a logical addition to the company's stable—a nonerotic men's magazine that would pick up the advertisers who were reluctant to buy space in *Playboy*. Golson explains, "It was called *Men's Life*—a men's magazine for graduates of *Playboy*, without the nudes." Harry Stein, a columnist who wrote for the first issue, believes *Men's Life* could have succeeded as an offshoot of *Playboy*. "Men's Life was a natural for *Playboy* if it had been pursued, but they didn't give Golson enough leeway." If *Men's Life* sounds familiar, that's because an extremely successful magazine has since cropped up in its place—Rodale's *Men's Health*, whose revenues have jumped from \$9.3 million in '93 to \$32.5 million last year, and whose ad pages have nearly doubled over the last three years.

EMPIRE OF THE EGO

With all the talk about the success and failure of the company's spin-offs, it's easy to forget that *Playboy*, Hef's fiefdom within Christie's kingdom, remains the best-selling men's magazine. With a paid circulation of 3.4 million, *Playboy*, even after years of eroding readership (it peaked above seven million in the early 70s), still sells more issues than *Sports Illustrated* (by a hair) and more than *Esquire*, *GQ*, and *Rolling Stone* combined. In this era of cutting back to compensate for rising paper, ink, and postage costs, members of the media elite applaud *Playboy*'s edi-



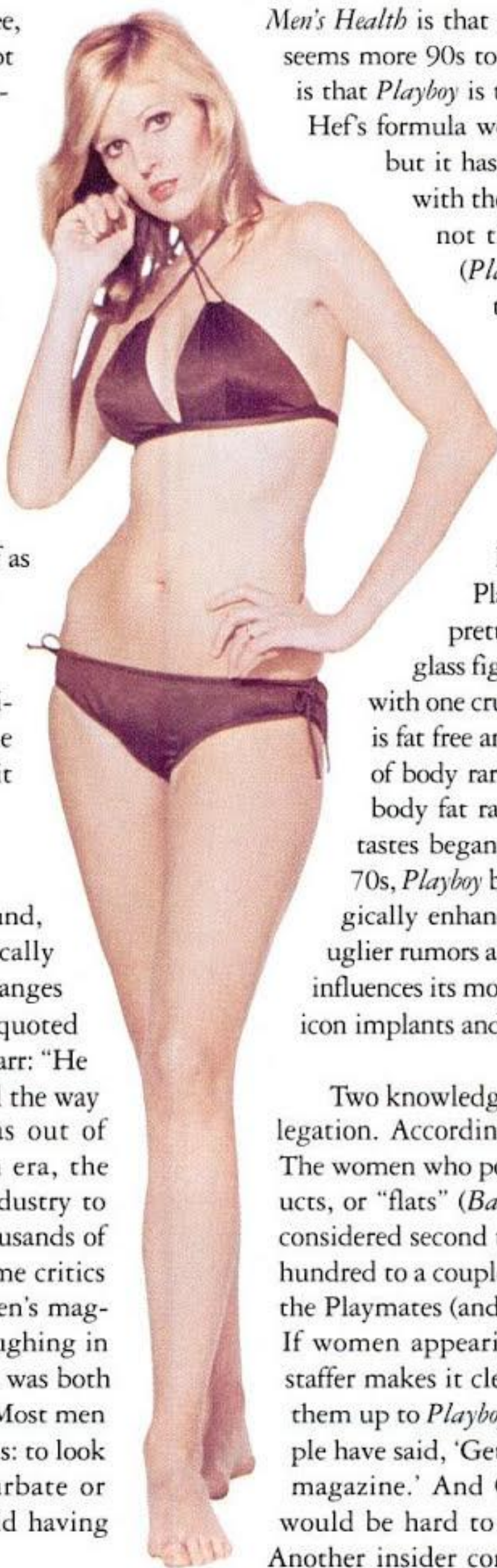
torial operation. In the words of one ex-employee, "Hef is not a bean counter—he's lavished a lot of money on editorial, and the magazine is expensively produced. Hef loves *Playboy*, perhaps to a fault."

The problem alluded to above is that *Playboy* may have so much editorial integrity—and Hef may have so much control—that it resists adapting to the times. Indeed, as one former editor sees it, the magazine has become "a tired dog": "When you try to challenge the format, the response is 'three-million readers ain't bad—*Playboy* has its format, so you don't need to bellyache.'" Another former editor describes the older staff as "a bunch of vultures picking the bones clean"; since many of the long-termers essentially have tenure at the magazine, they have little incentive to work hard: "I know of one full-time editor who is paid \$50,000 or \$60,000 to do one page of the magazine a month—and he hands it off to his assistant."

FALLING TO NUMBER ONE

But if the editorial product remains sound, why has the circulation dropped so dramatically over the years? When asked if hypothetical changes could have prevented the drop, Kretchmer quoted *Playboy's* former advertising director Michael Carr: "He used to say, 'Keep this in mind: we've fallen all the way to number one.'" Part of the problem was out of *Playboy's* hands. At the end of the Reagan era, the Christian Right pressured the automobile industry to stop advertising in *Playboy* and convinced thousands of convenience stores to stop carrying it. But some critics argue that men's mores—and the evolving men's magazine market—have left the aging *Playboy* coughing in the dust. *Playboy* rose to its heights because it was both a showcase for erotica and a service magazine. Most men originally bought *Playboy* for one of two reasons: to look at its pictures of nude women and masturbate or to glean tips on how to get a date (and avoid having to masturbate).

Playboy of the 90s, according to this theory, is neither good erotica nor a good service magazine: if you



Men's Health is that a good body will do the trick; which seems more 90s to you?) The problem, critics conclude, is that *Playboy* is the manifestation of one man's vision; Hef's formula worked very well for a very long time, but it has become obsolete—today it's the guy with the washboard abs who wins the woman, not the guy with the ascot and martini. (*Playboy* is not the only porn publisher that has seen a downturn. Rival *Penthouse* has seen a revenue drop that makes *Playboy's* cash flow look positively virile.)

PLAYMATE PLUS

One area of the magazine that has evolved over the last 42 years is the Playmate. The Playmate circa 1996 looks pretty much like she always has—an hourglass figure with big breasts and ample hips—with one crucial difference: today's idealized female is fat free and perfectly toned. However, this kind of body rarely exists in nature: women who lack body fat rarely have *Playboy*-sized breasts. So as tastes began to shy away from chunkiness in the 70s, *Playboy* began to depend more and more on surgically enhanced women. And so arose one of the uglier rumors about *Playboy*: the company at the least influences its models to undergo cosmetic surgery—silicon implants and rib removals.

Two knowledgeable insiders readily affirmed the allegation. According to one, the process goes like this: The women who pose for *Playboy's* newsstand-only products, or "flats" (*Bathing Beauties*, *College Girls*, etc.), are considered second tier and are paid less money: a couple hundred to a couple thousand dollars versus \$20,000 for the Playmates (and \$100,000 for Playmate of the Year). If women appearing in the flats are less endowed, a staffer makes it clear that changing that might just lift them up to *Playboy*. The source explains, "I'm sure people have said, 'Get implants if you want to get into the magazine.' And Christie has to know about this. It would be hard to imagine she would not be aware." Another insider corroborates: "It's more true than not. We're not talking forced clitorectomies, but the percentage of women in *Playboy* with enlarged breasts is high. A lot of women did have implants [under the



TRY TO CHANGE ANYTHING AND THEY RESPOND, '3 MILLION READERS AIN'T BAD.'

want to masturbate, you'll look at something more explicit (like a XXX movie), and if you want a date, you'll read a more with-it magazine like *Men's Health*. (If *Playboy's* message is that sophistication is the secret to scoring, the message of

magazine's] unspoken or spoken influence." Gary Cole, *Playboy's* photography director, said that he would never tell a model to have surgery for one simple reason: Hef chooses the photos. "Even if I saw a girl and thought, 'God, she's really pret-

ty, but her breasts are not very good. If she only had surgery...—I would never say that to her because if she went and had the breast surgery, she very well might not make it. I can't guarantee anyone anything because Hef's

ever a realization of the term "objectification of women," surely it manifests itself in the manipulation of Playmate photos to excise every mole, stray hair, and odd fold of skin. As one former editor puts it, "How can the mag-

"PEOPLE WHO SELL SEX ARE PIMPS, AND PIMPS ARE NOT FEMINISTS."

got the final say." But Cole believes *Playboy* has had an influence: "I guess if certain categories of women are thinking about doing *Playboy*, they might think that they needed to have plastic surgery. And they might do it, hoping it might better their chances." Cole adds, "A significant percentage of women who apply to be Playmates have plastic surgery. It's usually something that we can detect. If it's too detectable, it works against her."

Hefner has always denied that *Playboy* funds cosmetic surgery for its models. But what they do with their paychecks is another story. An inside source told SPY: "Playboy hands them a check and they get implants." Asked about this practice, 1986 Playmate of the Year, Kathy Shower, confirmed that indeed some of the Playmates she knew had applied their *Playboy* earnings toward cosmetic surgery.

FEMINIST OR WHAT?

The idea that *Playboy* indirectly funded cosmetic surgery would certainly unsettle the feminists with whom Christie Hefner allies herself. Such prominent feminists as Catherine MacKinnon, Andrea Dworkin, et al., bristle at the mention of her name. At best, they say, she calls herself a feminist out of convenience; at worst, she is a threat to the female gender. Dworkin, a fierce anti-porn crusader, says, "Feminists don't sell women for profit." MacKinnon, author of *Only Words*, adds, "People who sell sex are pimps. Pimps are not feminists."

If *Playboy* has in fact responded to the evolving position and perception of women in American society, why do the pictorials continue to adhere to a pinup aesthetic established in the 50s? If there was

azine consider itself feminist and not objectifying of women when it exalts not the female form but a computer-enhanced, blemishless vision of what womanhood should be?"

When I asked Christie Hefner if somewhere between fashion photography and XXX movies there was a point beyond which women become victims of exploitation, she replied, "It's difficult for me to see that even if a woman chooses to be in porn movies, if the working conditions are safe and she's getting a fair wage and she chooses to do it, that somehow that's exploitation just because the work involves sex. ...Exploitation sometimes gets used for that which we don't approve of or are uncomfortable with or think is sort of demeaning and that's a very subjective thing. For some people hard-core sex is a turn-on, and for other people it isn't. For some people the Victoria's Secret catalog is a turn-on, for other people it isn't." And *Playboy*... "is for a lot of people," she interjected. Hef echoes this sentiment: "I can only say that it continues to be not only the most popular but also the best men's magazine. And clearly the most influential."

Perhaps. But the myth of *Playboy* can't overcome hard numbers: it has lost more readers than some magazines dream of attracting. *Playboy* is a relic of an era when photos of naked women were the sinful grail, not a plentiful commodity. Judging then from the bottom line, not the press clips, Christie Hefner has failed.

Her claims to have turned *Playboy* around and created a media powerhouse look as bare as a bunny's bottom. ☺

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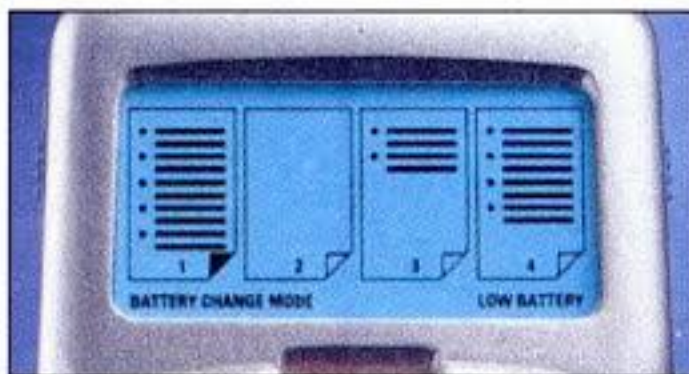
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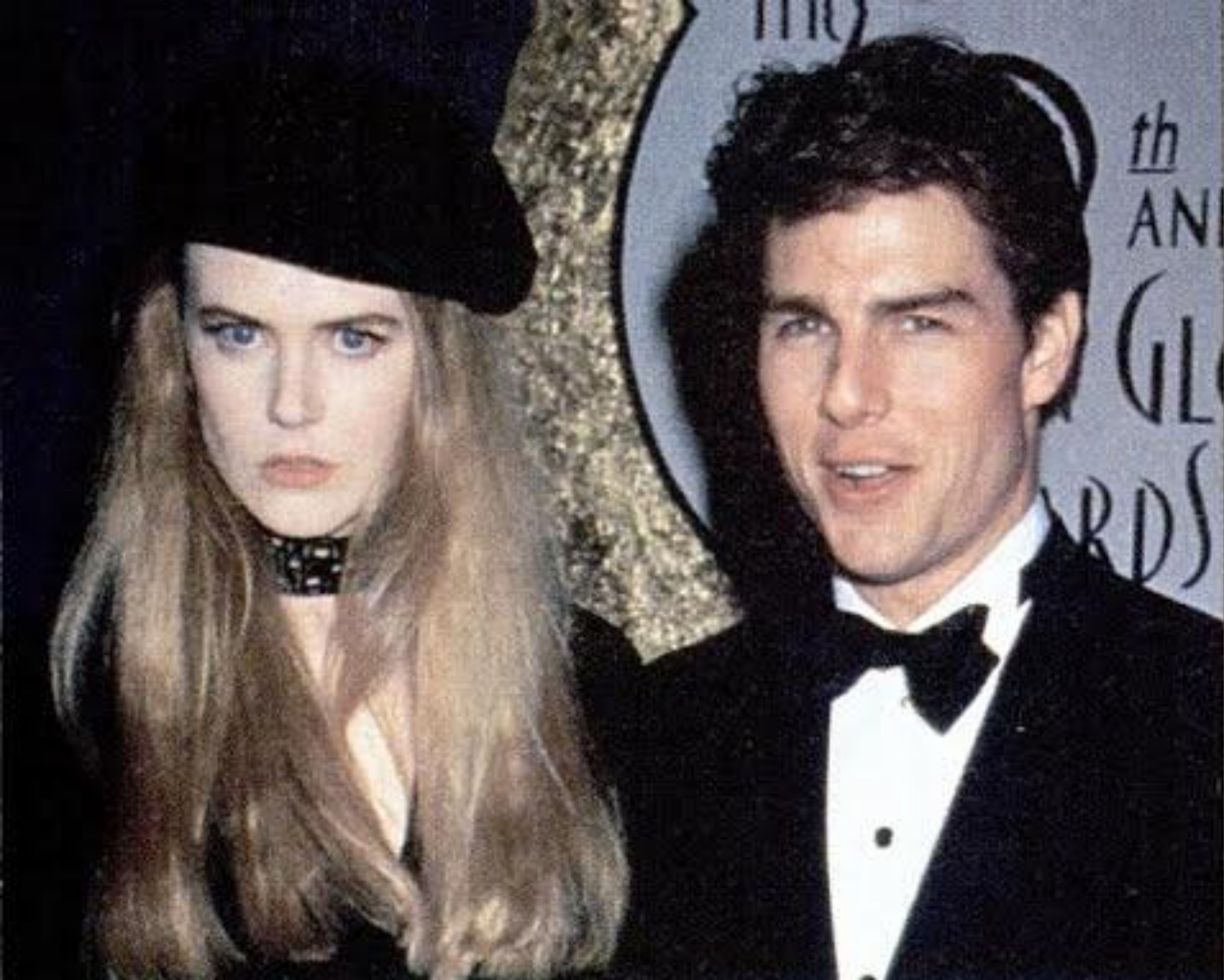
Tom Cruise

Nicole Kidman

the greatest love of all!



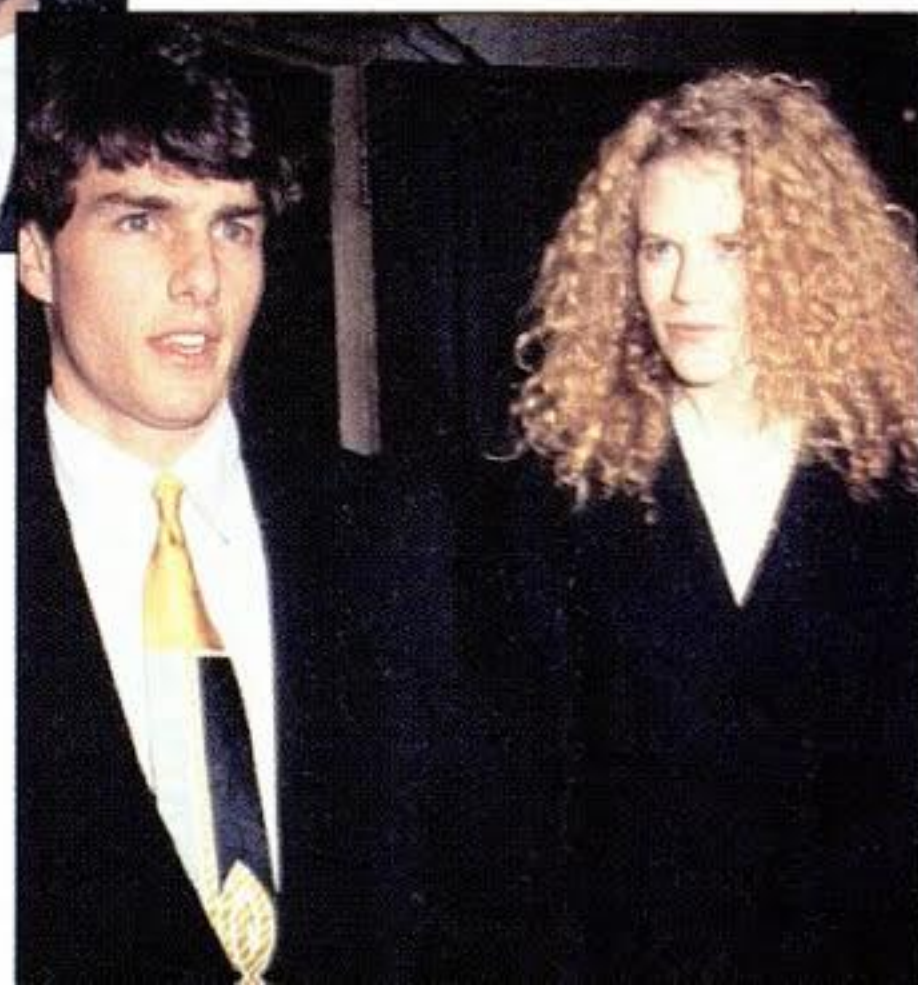
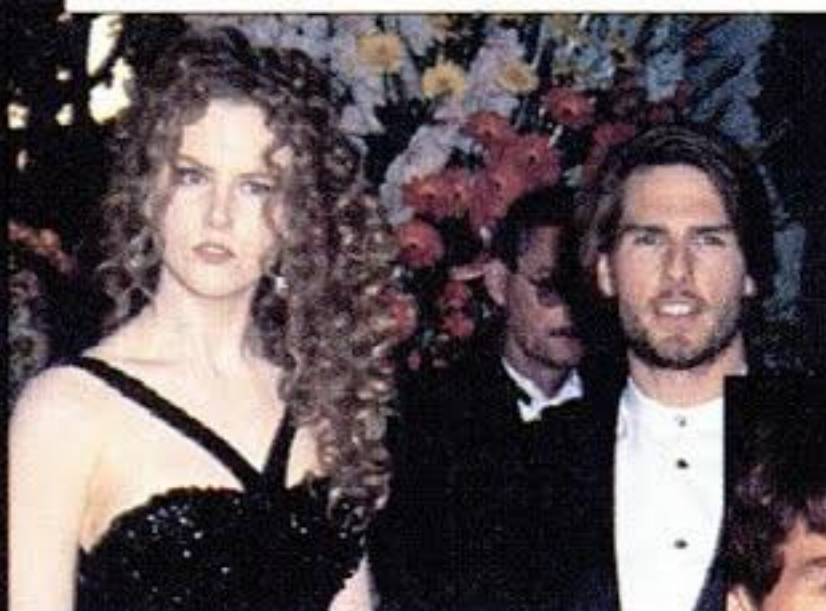
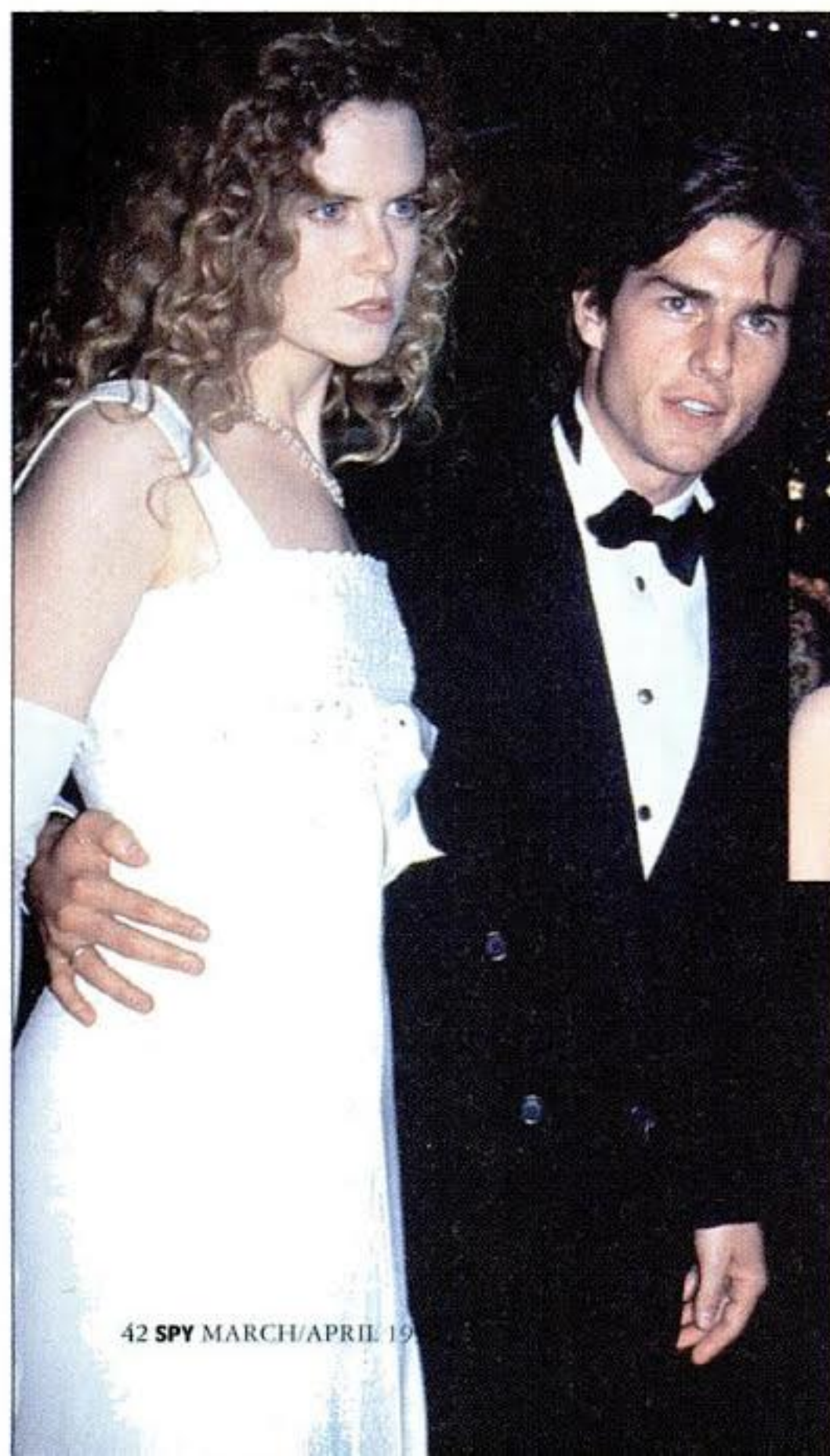
Particle Physics: Keanu's Secret Passion



hollywood's

happiest couple

A Marriage To Die For! A lot of people think Hollywood romance is a mission impossible, but Top Gun Tom Cruise and his stunningly beautiful Oscar-contending wife, Nicole "Batman Forever" (the top grossing movie of 1995!) Kidman, have all the right moves. Not only are they Tinseltown's best-looking couple, they're also far and away the most in love. So much for those nasty rumors—it looks like the only beard in the picture is the one on Tom's face!





keanu's excellent particle **a**ccelerator

Hollywood's best-kept secret is out! Keanu Reeves is more than just a babe magnet—he's also a brilliant physicist!



Attention casting directors! Lest you think the stud who scorched the silver screen in megablockbusting smash hit movies such as *Speed* (one of the top-grossing movies of 1994!) and *Point Break* (awesome!) is a one-trick pony, think again!

With an IQ estimated by some people to be in the 160 range (that means genius!) and an application to the Mensa Society in the mail, Keanu Reeves is more than just a huggable surfer hunk.

"Physics is cool. It's cool to do stuff with atoms and the cool things inside them like quarks and stuff," said supersmart Keanu, giving *spIn Control* the grand tour of his home away from home, the Stanford Linear Accelerator (SLAC), in Palo Alto, California. "The little dudes spin around—zoom, zoom, ZOOM—then BOOM! SMASH! They're flying everywhere, leaving cool vapor trails. WHOOSH!" says Keanu, demonstrating subatomic collisions with his hands. "Way cool," he adds. "Intense."

Keanu got his break playing brain-dead teens in *River's Edge* and *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* (available for sale and rental at your local Blockbuster!), but he's way past that now. He spent last summer playing Hamlet to rave reviews. Some people called his performance "better than Olivier, Gielgud, Barrymore, and Burton put together!"

Just when you think this sure-fire future Oscar-contending leading man can't get any more perfect, hold the phonograph—he's also a world-class musician! Some people are calling his band, Dogstar, the "Hootie and the Blowfish of tomorrow." Their debut CD (available for \$13.99 at Tower Records!) is already an underground phenomenon.

So look out, ladies—brainy bachelor Keanu Reeves is hotter than a splitting atom!

"Heavy water is pretty heavy, dude," says atomic heartthrob Keanu Reeves, hangin' out in the lab (above, left). "I think in a previous life I may have been Isaac Newton or maybe that English dude who discovered gravity."





"My life has never been so together," says Courtney Love, unwinding in her Hollywood Hills home. "I'm learning to enjoy the responsibility of being a mother."

at her site

Love

*Singer/musician/composer Courtney Love
has added a new tune to her rocking repertoire.
She's become a doting mother
and devoted homemaker. Watch out, Martha Stewart!*

You might expect that alternative rock's bad girl Courtney Love sleeps all day and parties all night and spends most of her weeks on the road, but nothing could be further from the truth.

"I love spending quiet quality time at home with my daughter, Frances Bean," says the future Grammy nomination contender Love, relaxing on a sofa in the tastefully appointed living room of her immaculate Laura Ashley-esque house in the Hollywood Hills. The critically acclaimed songstress graciously offers a cup of Twining's chamomile tea. "Decaffeinated, of course," Love smiles. "I'm such a health nut."

Indeed, Love's body is as much her temple as her house. She wakes up at six o'clock every morning and begins the day with a prayer. "I'm a very spiritual person. I think that my music brings me closer to God." After her prayer, Love tones her body with a vigorous aerobic workout, followed by a long walk. "You've got to keep your body in shape," she says. "Health is the most important thing in life. And I also want to set a good example for my daughter."

Then she heads for a long, luxurious bath with sea salts and aromatic botanical oil extracts. The rock superstar claims the secret to her flawless ivory complexion is a combination of her apricot facial exfoliant and her healthful diet, consisting largely of organic fruits, vegetables, and natural grains. "People put such unhealthy things in their bodies—red meats, artificial sweeteners, alcohol—it's amazing that people can have so little respect for themselves."



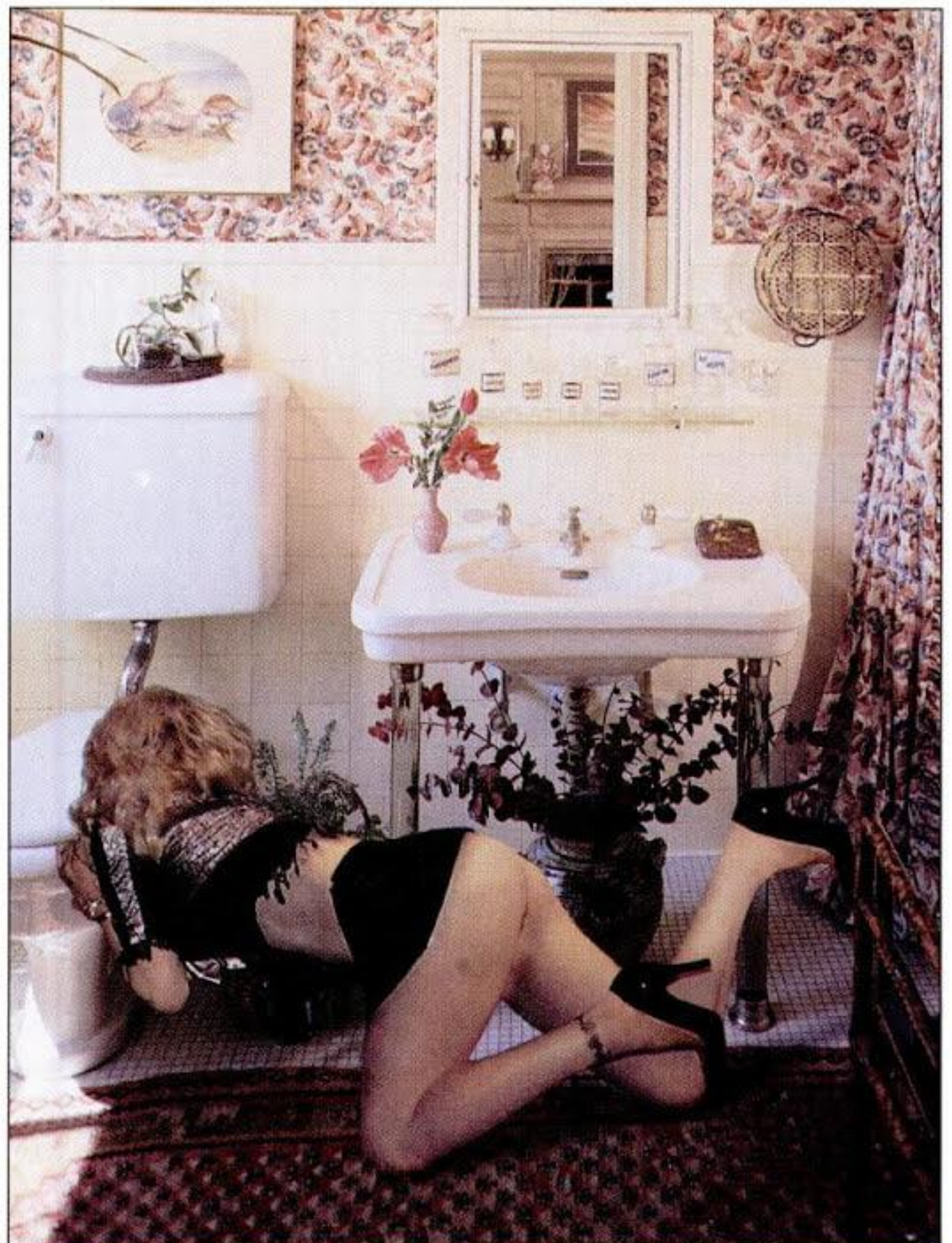
"I grow my own herbs and vegetables," boasts Chef Love (left). "I could **spend all day in here, baking up a storm." The master bathroom (below) showcases Courtney's fondness for flowers—both freshly cut and wallpapered.**

Love spends the rest of the day practicing with a voice instructor and a guitar teacher. "I'm a perfectionist when it comes to music. If one string is even slightly off-key, I've got to start all over."

One look at her beautiful house and it quickly becomes apparent that Love's perfectionist streak applies to more than just her music. "I did all the decorating, and I do all of the cooking and cleaning. I guess you could say I'm a pretty traditional mother." In her airy, spotless, sweet-smelling boudoir, a half-finished needlepoint of a pink rabbit sits on a loom, just feet away from her collection of Duke Ellington 45s. Her bookcase is packed with everything from Eudora Welty to Gabriel Garcia Marquez (in Spanish!).

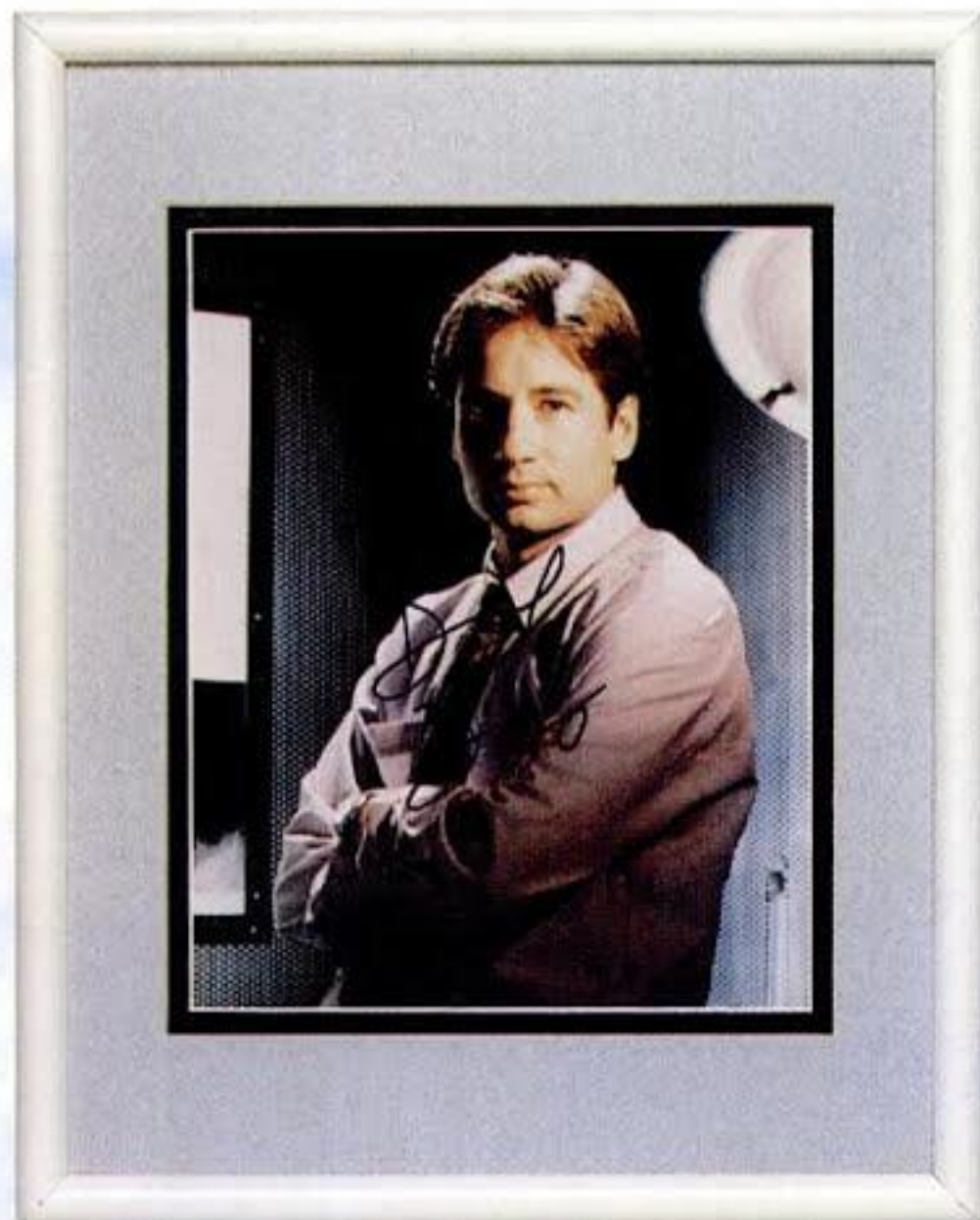
But Courtney's main love is neither her wildly successful career nor her stunning home. "My daughter is the most important thing in my life. Everything I do is for her future. I just want to be the best mother I can be."

Suddenly the door opens and in pops Frances Bean, fresh from school. Courtney leaps up and gives her a big hug. Ahh, motherly Love.



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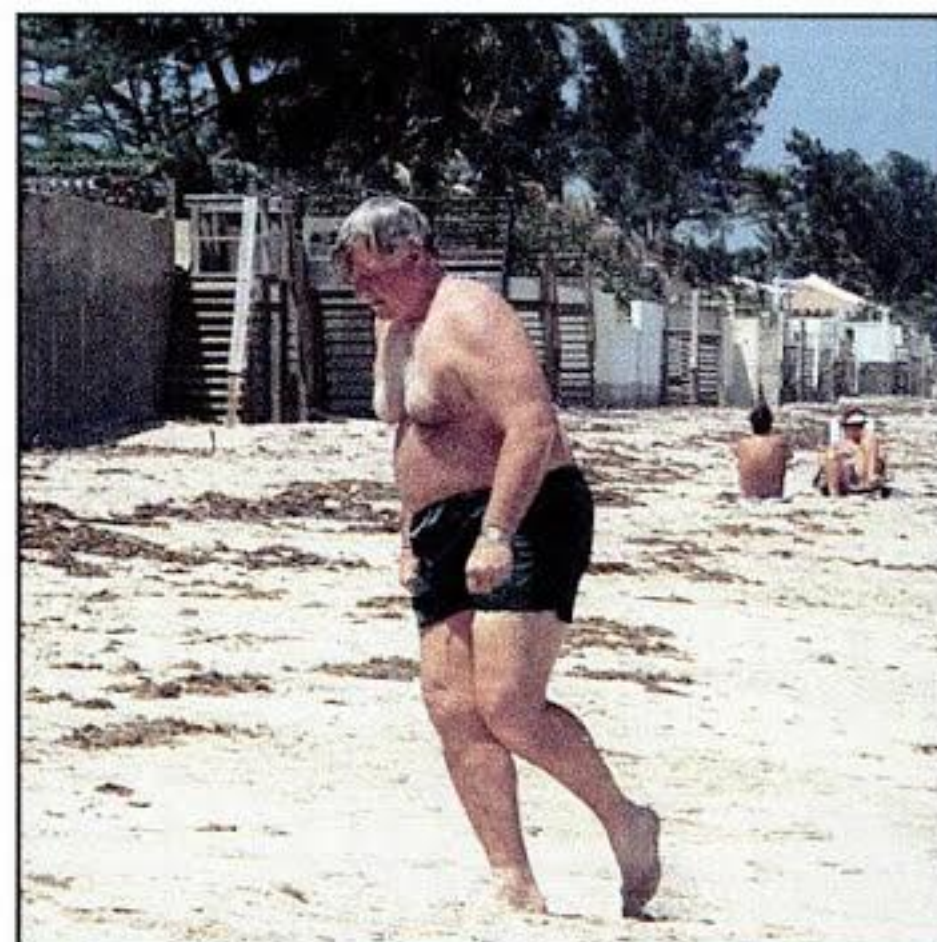
make an offer killer deal

Anonymous former star athlete is selling his lavishly appointed mansion in Brentwood, CA. The reticent running back, who's currently filming his own video, is trying to maintain a low profile. "The house is absolutely 100% spotless," he says.

vital stats: 5,752 square feet, separate guest house, lockable wine cellar, secret rear entrance, trophy room, separate limousine driveway, well-lit front lawn. Close to highway, airport, and Mexican border.

cost: Priced at \$5 million, but eager to make a cash deal. Contact R. Kardashian, 310-653-4348.

**Bronco
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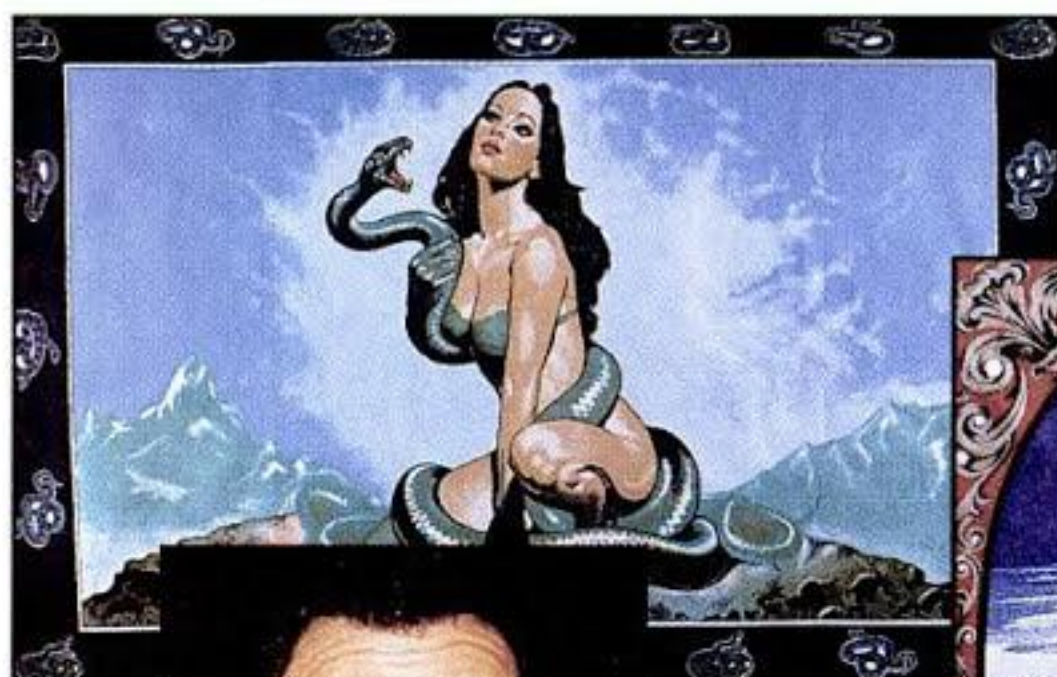


beached whale?

the report: According to the *Star* (Dec. 95), beloved Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy has shoved so much food down his pie-hole that he has ballooned to 310 lbs. of Bostonian blubber.

the truth: Totally false. "Teddy's a big man," says his publicist, "but there isn't an ounce of fat

on him. He's all rock-hard muscle."



Yo, Mondrian!

Now that Stallone is the biggest movie star in the history of studkind, he can afford any painting, but he prefers to create art himself. "Velvet is my favorite media," says Sly. "It's remarkably supercilious." What a Rambossance Man! (His works, L to R: "Chick with Snake IV," "Religious Guy," "Two Tigers," and "Chick with Puma.")

toughLove

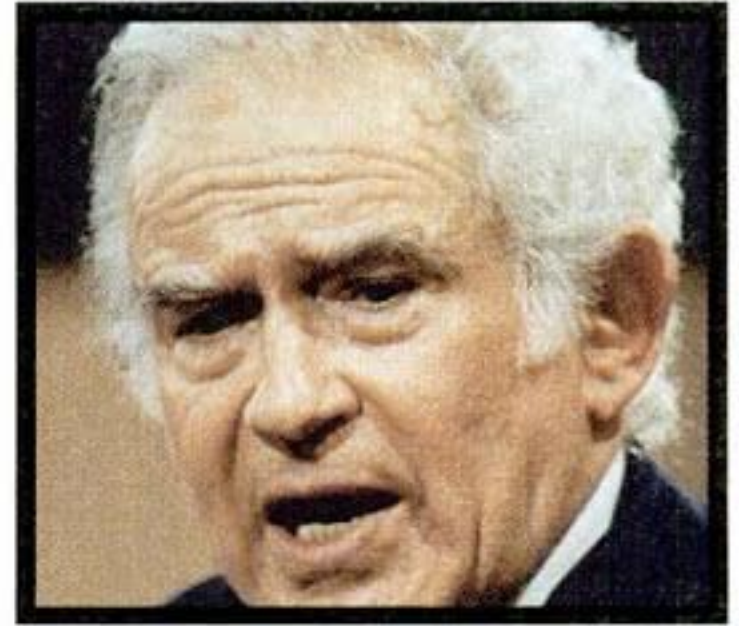
How do America's bodacious bad boys smooth over silly spats with their sexy sweeties?



mickey rourke: "You've got to be cool and talk it out. Anger has no place in a healthy relationship."



bobby brown: "It's important to stand by your woman. Let her know she's your one-and-only."



norman mailer: "We go to the kitchen, have a cup of coffee, and talk. After an hour, we're kissing again."



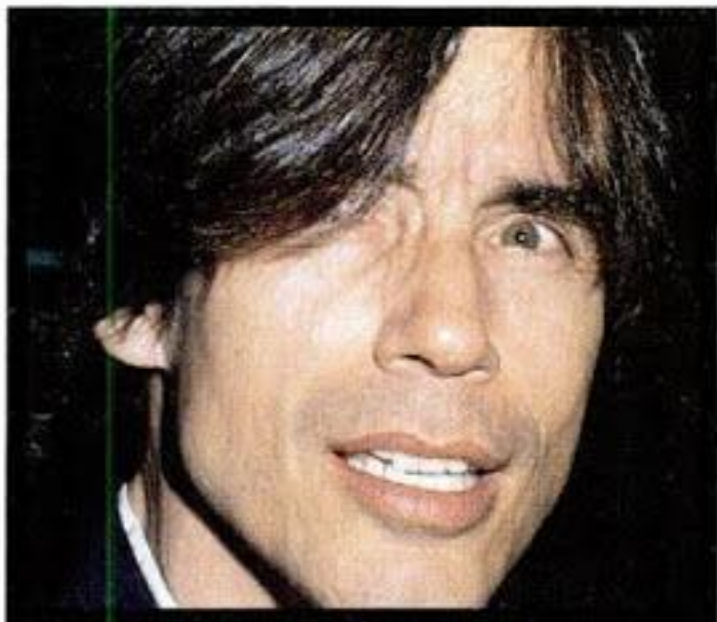
james brown: "Sometimes we just need to relax, so I take my baby for a slow drive through the country."



sean penn: "I put my arms around her, hold her tight, and tell her how much I love her."



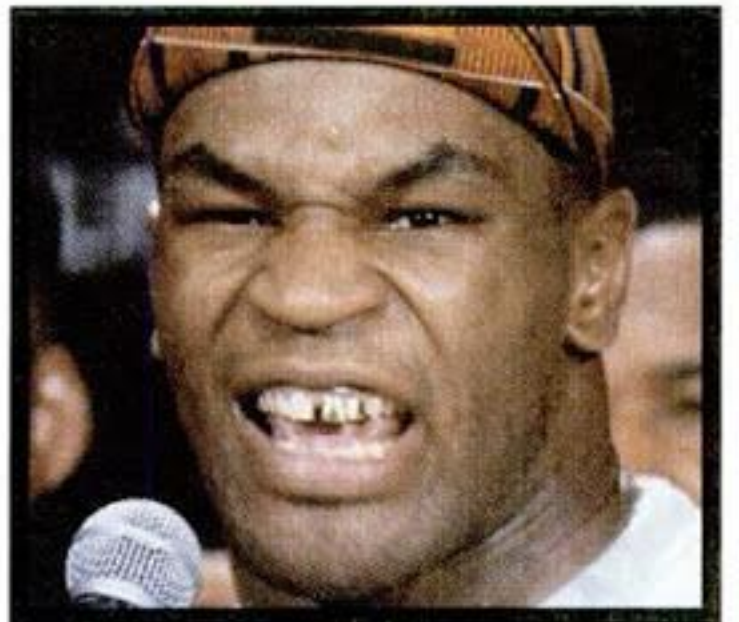
rick james: "The best place to talk things over is in bed. It's warm, cozy, intimate, and reminds you of love."



jackson browne: "I'll take her hand and tell her we need to talk. It's important to be a good listener."



ike turner: "A good relationship can be summed up in three words: love, trust, and patience."



mike tyson: "It's amazing what a dozen roses, a bottle of chardonnay, and a Barry White album can do."



theLook

is leather



havin' a cow!

Who says fashion and consciousness don't go hand in hand? Some of the biggest stars in town turned out for a PETA (People for Ethical Treatment of Animals) anti-fur rally, and they looked sharp! (Clockwise from left: **Kim Basinger**, in a bad leather biker; **k.d. lang**, strutting her stuff in a cowhide coat; **Patti Davis**, First Lady of Leather; **Madonna**, Moodonna; and **Melissa Etheridge** don't take no bull!)



how to

steal **this** look

beauty

Wanna look like Mike? The King of Pop's unique face shows just how far a little makeup can go!

the skin: Spending so much time in the studio has lightened his tan a bit, so a brush of sheer foundation by Screen Face keeps it even.

the eyes: With naturally long and luxurious lashes, Michael adds a few strokes of Covergirl mascara for a stunning yet subtle effect.

the lips: The two-tone look comes easy: a layer of cherry red lipstick, then a pink gloss stripe.

the hair: His naturally curly hair relaxed as it grew long, so no straightening was needed. A dab of Sebastian's Molding Mud keeps it in place.

the nose: His most striking feature. A little powder makes it look thinner and sharper than it did in his Jackson 5 days.

the chin: Highlights his natural Kirk Douglas cleft with a light brown eyebrow pencil. Voilà!

The Dark Side of

Heat of Darkness or just sugar withdrawal? SPY goes carbo-loading at Fat Farm America, on the lookout for a ring of Twinkie-smuggling, HoHo-heisting, Snickers-snatching junk food black markeeters



BY ABBY ELLIN



the Moon Pie

"Psst, little girl! Wanna buy an O?"

"An O?"

"Sssh! An Oreo!"

"What kind you got?"

"I got double stuff, double fudge, vanilla, chocolate—five Os for only a dollar!"

Five for a dollar? "Why so cheap?" I ask, rummaging through my pockets. "I heard you charged a dollar a cookie."

He scans the area to make sure no one's listening. "Man, you don't even wanna know what went down last night," he says, his voice low. From a distance, I hear sounds of a kickball game in action. "The director caught my boys red-handed, threatened to kick us all out. He's bringing in the dogs. I gotta get rid of this stuff, so I'm slashing my prices."

He reaches behind a large rock and picks up a brown paper sack. Inside are all sorts of goodies: Hostess Twinkies and Hostess Cupcakes and Reese's peanut butter cups and a slew of Snickers. There's also a small bag of Doritos, two ham-and-cheese subs, a Devil Dog, and a diet root beer.

"Jesus," I say, my eyes wide. I haven't seen this much junk food in five weeks, although my friends and I have certainly fantasized about it. In fact, that's what we spend most of our time discussing: what we want to eat and what we can't eat and what we're going to consume the minute we leave this joint.

"You interested?" he asks hurriedly.

Am I interested? Do ducks fly? "Gimme a Snickers and a Twinkie," I say. "And five double stuff."

"Six fifty, please."

We trade goods; he tips his baseball cap and flashes the peace sign.

"Hey, wait," I say. He's a four-year camp veteran; I know he has all sorts of connections. "Can you get me some jelly beans?"

"Yeah," he says. "But it'll cost you."

I look him straight in the eye. "Just make sure they're gourmet."

Later that night I run into him in the dining hall, the building where our fa-

Chewin' the Fat

First there was Oprah.

Then she lost weight and we got

Ricki. Then she lost weight and

God gave us Carnie. They're

talk-show goddesses, they're

occasionally full-figured, and

word is that they

lose rating shares

when they lose

weight.

Oprah's

ratings

generally

hover around

8.5, with Ricki Lake getting

from a 4.5 to a 4.9. But

Oprah's ratings declined to 6.4

after she'd knocked off

60 pounds.

What gives? Is fat a pre-

requisite for talk-show success?

"Fat talk show hosts are

like Roseanne: they provoke no

inferiority complexes in the



vorite pastime takes place. Lining one wall is a six-foot graph charting the number of pounds the camp has lost so far—1,208, and counting. I've contributed ten, which I'm sure I've regained after the day's activity. I fill my tray with the evening's meal: a chicken breast (no skin), a small biscuit, steamed broccoli, vegetable soup, a salad, low-calorie Jell-O (strawberry), and a green apple.

"Meet me by the tennis courts at midnight," he whispers, shoving a biscuit down his shorts. "I risked my ass for you. Ten seventy-five."

Ten dollars and seventy-five cents. For a bag of jelly beans.

"Gourmet," he says.

"See you at midnight," I say.

HOGAN'S HEROES? NAH.

Nobody dressed as sharp as Colonel Klink at this stalag but Sergeant Shultz would have felt at home.

It was a weight-loss camp—or fat farm as they're popularly known. And the survival techniques resemble POW camps: Do what you have to to get by.

I should know. I spent seven summers, from 1984 to 1991, at different weight-loss camps throughout the country—three as a camper, four as a counselor. Nine weeks of working out, weighing in, and obsessing about my body.

What kind of person pays \$3,500—or at current rates \$5,000—for the summer to lose weight? Ostensibly, a fat one, except I was never really fat. Back in '84, at the ripe old age of 16, I was 5'2" and 136 pounds. Hardly a heifer. But according to those now defunct life-insurance charts, I should've been 20 pounds lighter.

As a kid, food was my all-consuming passion. I could devour a box of Ring Dings in an hour and could match my father Whopper for Whopper. My parents were terrified I'd blimp out if I wasn't careful, but I didn't worry. I naively believed that who you were—not how you looked—mattered. Besides, I was a

muscular gymnast. I could inhale tons of food and burn it off at the gym. Me? Fat? Never.

Then I turned thirteen. It became clear that I was never going to give Nadia Comenici a run for her money, and I quit gymnastics. Unfortunately, my love for food didn't disappear with my leotards and tights; I ate as much as ever with no place to sweat it off. My muscles wilted. My waist cried for looser belts. Within months, my junior high school buddies came up with all sorts of nicknames for me: Truck (as in "Mack"). Porker (as in "What a"). House (as in "she's the size of my"). Moose. And my

"One arm. One arm."

Oh yes, fat people are harpooned with all kinds of vicious assaults. No matter what kind of person you are, the fact that you're fat always fits into the description. If you're an asshole, you're a fat asshole. If you're stupid, you're fat and stupid. If you're nice, you've got a "great personality but...." Fatness determines moral fiber. Dieters use terms like "sinful," "weak," "bad," "cheat," and "self-indulgent"—words formerly reserved for sexual deviance—to describe their relationship with food. Weight Watchers' At Work Program encourages employers to sign on by telling them that fat causes

asshole. If you're stupid, you're fat and

personal fav, Flabby Abby.

Kids suck.

Being fat in this culture is one of the worst fates that can befall a kid. In the last 25 years, the incidence of childhood obesity (defined as weighing at least 20 percent more than "normal") has doubled. Last March, *20/20* devoted an entire segment to growing up fat in America. At one point, reporter John Stossel asked a group of five-year-olds whom they'd pick as a friend: a stupid kid or a fat kid.

"Stupid," the kids replied.

"Which would you rather be?" Stossel asked. "Ugly or fat?"

"Ugly!"

"If you had to live your life without one arm or fat, which would you pick?"

"absenteeism, poor work performance, low productivity, and a depressed morale" among employees.

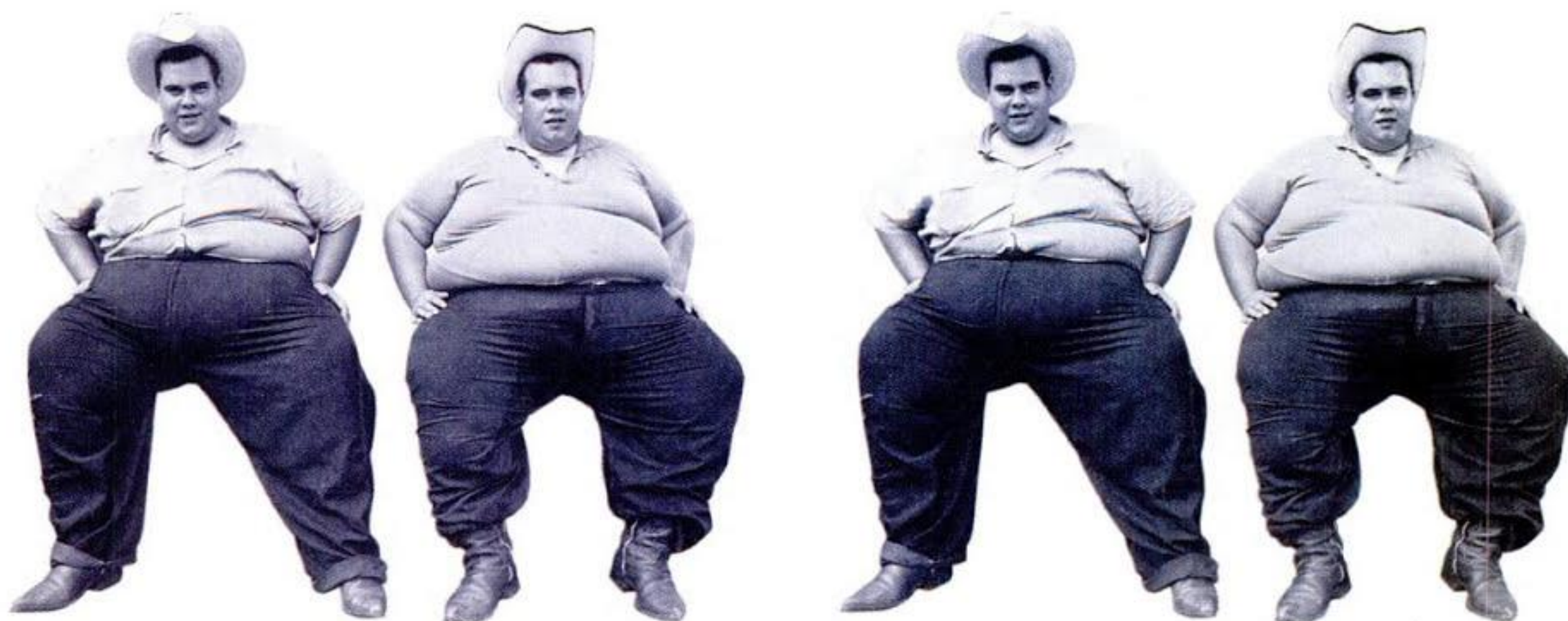
Fat is the last acceptable form of discrimination. You can't attack race, gender, religion, height, or physical deformities, but you can certainly condemn girth.

I was introduced to these unhappy realities at a young age and tried everything in my power to change myself: Weight Watchers, Diet Center, Overeaters Anonymous. I learned how to distinguish four ounces of turkey from six (measure the meat before cooking it). I learned how to keep an "honest" record of everything I put in my mouth (nothing counts if it's consumed while you're standing). I perfected the art of fiction

The fact that you're fat fits into every description. If you're an asshole, you're a fat asshole. If you're stupid, you're fat and stupid. If you're nice, you have "a great personality but..."

("Of course I followed the diet. I have no idea why I gained a pound."). But my attempts were all fruitless. I could never diet for more than a day; I'd sneak candy and chocolate up to my room, throw the wrappers in my knapsack, and dispose of them at school.

Like Oscar Wilde, I could resist everything but temptation...and peanut butter cups. And M&M's. And ice cream. And pizza. I loved food. I just hated being bigger than everyone else. My body will never be as slight as Kate



Moss's (is anyone's?) but as an adolescent I yearned for nothing more than matchstick legs and pelvic bones as sharp as steak knives.

When I was 16 my grandfather died, leaving me a sizable inheritance. I decided to spend some of the extra cash on a weight-loss camp, or food rehab, as I liked to think of it. I knew one girl who'd lost twenty-five pounds in a summer and looked great when she returned to school. Never mind that three months later she'd gained it all back, plus ten. I knew that the only place I'd ever get thin was somewhere without an easily accessible bulk-food section, where there were other people trapped in the same miserable, oversized barge.

WHEN YOU STEP ON THE grounds of a fat farm, the outside world ceases to exist. Everything shifts out of balance, size becomes relative, and objects in the mirror may be larger than they appear. You don't realize it, though. When you're surrounded by people who weigh 200 or 230, everything seems small in comparison. Those who weigh 180 are at the lighter end of the spectrum; a 160-pounder is downright slender. At 136 pounds, I was one of the resident featherweights.

Think back to the Wilson Phillips video "Hold On." Babes extraordinaire Chynna Phillips and Wendy Wilson are filmed in various states of undress, frolicking through the streets. Sister Carnie, on the other hand, stands behind a piano before shifting locale to the Grand Canyon. In this context, she looks tiny.

A fat farm is also a place where the extra flab on your body no longer distinguishes you from the crowd. Call out "Hey, Fatso!" and 300 people are going to look. There's something comforting about this, a camaraderie I imagine war veterans understand. I felt a connection the minute I walked into my first camp. Finally I'd be accepted for who I was and not what I looked like. But relief was short-lived. As my first summer progressed it became increasingly clear that what I looked like *did* matter. Generally speaking, the thinner kids spent most of their time together and the thinner girls

viewers, and the public repays them," says Dr. Marshall Blonsky, author of *American Mythologies* and the upcoming *Racing the Future*. "The audience is largely homebound women, and so the audience gets to watch itself. The fat



host is an idol that no one has to strive to be because everyone is already at their level."

"Although beauty is highly regarded and we view more perfect looking people as being more intelligent, there are disadvantages," says Dr. James Rosen, psychology professor at the University of Vermont. "Larger hosts are more warm and more approachable."

had boyfriends. Camp was coed, with a 60/40 female to male split. The lack of testosterone meant the boys had us girls eating out of the palms of their hands—not a particularly difficult feat at a fat farm. Oddly, the larger kids condemned the smaller ones. They resented us for being there, even though they'd give their right arm—or \$3,500—to weigh what we did.

"What are you doing here?" people would ask me. "You're skinny."

I tried to explain that in the real world I was considered heavy and I only looked thin at camp because of the unique optical illusion. That didn't cut it. "You have no idea what it's like," said Caroline, whose weight hovered around 190. I suppose I didn't. I understood what it was like to be poked fun of—you don't get called Flabby Abby for nothing—but I also knew that in the grand scheme of things I was a lot better off than most of the other kids. It was almost as if I had no right to be there, no business being on their turf. In retrospect, I would have resented me, too.

AND THEN THERE WERE the scales. Every Sunday morning the entire camp would get together for Weigh-In, the highlight of our week. Weigh-In was the one day we all looked forward to. It was the Day of Redemption when we'd learn if our diligence had paid off. Those weekly weigh-ins were rituals: the structure that, as fat people, we needed. Clearly, the director told us, we were heavy because we had no discipline; we needed some kind of order in our lives. So the scale became our god, the Weight Watchers food program our bible, "skinny arms!" our mantra.

After breakfast—a scrambled egg and a mini bagel ("egglette and bagelette"), a pat of margarine, a four-ounce glass of orange juice, and a cup of skim milk—we would trek over to the Weigh-In room, where the two doctor scales awaited us. (At a camp I worked at in Massachusetts, the kids were weighed on scales that, in the off-season, were used to weigh mail freight.) Our counselor would hand us an index card that charted the measurements of our

arms, legs, waist, and bust, along with the number of pounds we'd lost. We'd strip down to our bathing suits and wait our turn.

Then one of the food advisers, the nutritional consultants responsible for all things food related, would greet us at the scales. They'd glance down at the card and push the metal bar to the number it was the previous week, and for that moment I wouldn't even dare to breathe. Sometimes the outcome was good—two pounds, two and a half—but occasionally it wasn't. Once, for some unknown reason, I gained half a pound and I wanted to die. Each pound cost, more or less,

in the middle of the night or befriend the kitchen guys, who would supply them with boxes of dietetic ice cream and tubs of peanut butter. They'd hide the food in their lockers or beneath their bed and then throw a "party" replete with binging, conversations about binging, a healthy mixture of the two, and, afterward, a fair amount of vomiting.

"Well," she said brightly, "muscle does weigh more than fat. Next week will be better."

Maybe so, but I was devastated. My friends tried to comfort me, but what could they say? Besides, even though we were encouraged not to compete ("You're

two-dollars-and-seventy-five-cent

\$200, so technically weight gain became a financial loss.

"Are you getting your period?" she asked me.

I shook my head, tears streaming down my face.

"Did you make any bad food choices?" (A euphemism for, "Have you been hanging out with the underground ring of food smugglers?")

"No," I said, which was true. Up until that point I'd been a model camper, a model dieter. I did aerobics twice daily and swam a mile every other day. I refused to cheat, which so many of my friends did. They'd raid the dining hall

only competing with yourself!"), how could we not? It was ridiculous, of course. Someone who weighs 180 is bound to lose more weight than someone forty pounds lighter, but we'd compare ourselves nonetheless. When one of us had a bad weight loss we'd pat her on the back; "You lost a pound and a half. Be psyched!" we'd say, all the while feeling smug because, damnit, we'd lost a pound and three quarters.

AFTER MY TRAUMATIC Weigh-In, my counselor, Maureen—a three-year camp veteran who had lost and relost 60 pounds—decided to take

A black market run by the male counselors featured three-dollar candy bars and hoagies. They knew a lucrative market when they saw one.

matters into her own hands. "Your system needs to be shaken up," she explained. "Your body's getting used to the diet. You need sugar to give it a jolt."

I'd never heard that kind of logic before, but it was good enough for me. At eleven o'clock that night I slipped on a hooded black sweatsuit and snuck into the parking lot where Maureen kept her Chevy Nova. We sped off to the Grand



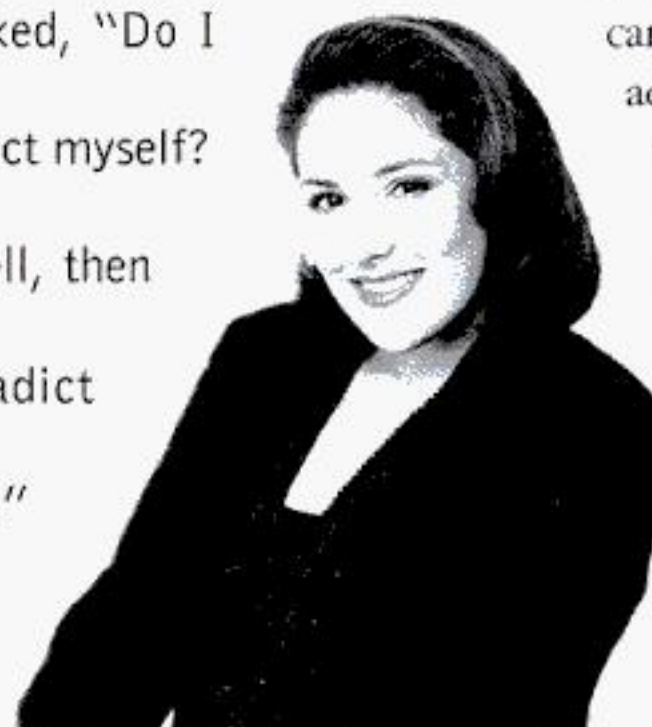
Union, feeling both terrified and elated. Maureen was, after all, risking her job. She could get fired for taking a camper off grounds and, more importantly, feeding her. I could have been kicked out of camp with no refund. Or worse: the camp director might have called my parents. This was protocol when kids were caught in the act. The previous year, a friend of mine had sneaked off to meet her boyfriend at a local bar. She was kicked out not so much because she'd left the grounds but because she was nabbed with a slice of pizza. (She was allowed back the following summer because money speaks louder than pepperoni.)

Maureen and I pulled up to the supermarket; I waited in the produce section while she scoped the store for other camp people. It had been five weeks since I'd been in the real world; I felt like a paroled felon about to commit grand larceny. I was convinced "Fat Farm Defector" was scrawled all over me, convinced the cashiers knew I was engaging in highly illegal activities. Happily, no alarms sounded and Maureen and I calmly filled our cart with Mallomars and chocolate-chip cookie dough and Three Musketeers and Reese's Pieces and the necessary six-pack of Diet Coke. Maureen paid the bill while my system geared up for the big jolt. We didn't even wait to get into the car before tearing open the packages. Within an hour we were left with a pile of wrappers and diarrhea.

It worked. The following week I stepped on the scale: I'd lost two pounds.

MAUREEN WAS UNIQUE—most of the counselors, lovingly referred to as the Food Gestapo, weren't so generous. They'd been forewarned as to which kids could be trusted and which couldn't, who was a food felon and who wasn't (there were notes scribbled next to campers' names: "Sneaks off campus," "Hides food in underwear," etc.). Every package we received in the mail had to be inspected. You never knew when a parent or grandparent might slip in a "little something" for their poor starving child. (A camper's dream care package consisted of a hoagie composed of seven

In other words, we want to feel that hosts aren't competing with us, that somehow we're superior to them even though they have more money and more fame and, theoretically, more glamorous lives than we do. Interestingly, Carnie Wilson's gabfest will probably get the boot next season (it has a 2.1 average rating). But it still fares better than the other new—thin—talk shows. But Carnie has no intention of being left to play by herself in the sandbox: she's releasing a fitness video, *Great Changes with Carnie Wilson and Idrea* (her personal trainer). Fat fitness gurus? Why not. This is America, and as Walt Whitman asked, "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself."



pieces of ham sandwiched between two pairs of briefs.) The counselor would chastise the camper and then dispose of the booty, usually into their own mouth. On day trips off grounds counselors would be on Food Patrol to make sure campers weren't visiting the local food joints.

Our bags were also searched upon our arrival at camp. While I unpacked my clothes, a counselor would hover over me, surreptitiously glancing into my suitcase as I tossed stuff onto the bed. Apparently, none of us could be trusted not to sneak contraband—Snickers bars, Cheetos, Sweet Tarts—into our trunks. Especially after an eleven-year-old boy had buried a bag of Hershey's Kisses in the mouth of his tuba. The chocolate was later "confiscated" (read: inhaled) by his counselors, but the boy was lauded for his ingenuity. He was hardly an anomaly, though; kids tried all sorts of ways to sneak in food. When their attempts failed, they turned to the black market, run by a handful of male counselors who knew a lucrative financial opportunity when they saw one: \$3 for a candy bar, \$2.75 for a hoagie.

My experience is that these camps breed eating disorders, or at least perpetuate an unnatural obsession with food. One director half jokingly told me, "I can eat what I want all year and then lose it over the summer," she said. A pillar of emotional well-being.

There was no camp shrink; in theory, that was the counselors' job. Trouble was, many of the counselors were just as messed up. The fat leading the fat.

The counselors were worse food offenders than the campers, which makes sense since many of them were former campers themselves. They were no more adept at dealing with their food issues than the kids were. And I do mean "food," as opposed to "weight." The collective bulk on the campgrounds was the symptom, not the cause, of other greater problems, which camps didn't even try to address (fractured families, absent parents, depression).

When I worked at the Massachusetts camp, there was a back

room of food attached to the main dining hall. After meals, the counselors would chow down on leftover pizza, macaroni, and whatever else remained. The kids would lurk outside, bleating like goats, begging for handouts—they knew what was going on inside, even though we told them it was a “room of our own” for some peace of mind. But there’s no mistaking the sound of a fork scraping the bottom of a bowl for the sound of one hand clapping. I left camp that summer a pound heavier than when I arrived.

It’s not surprising that food is the focus of a fat farm. At breakfast, the first thing my friends and I wondered about

muzzle on anyone and they’ll lose weight. But unfortunately the problems that cause the fat don’t melt away with the pounds. I lost about 15 pounds that first summer; the kids at school wondered who the new kid was. I never felt so omnipotent and proud in my whole life. But after they got over their initial shock, nothing changed: I was as confused as ever, and clearly obsessed with food.

I discovered life as a thin person wasn’t all it was cracked up to be. But neither was life as a fat person.

And that’s why camps’ return rates are so staggeringly high. According to the

Most of them were ex-campers

was lunch. At lunch, all we wanted to know about was dinner. And you can bet each one of us had mapped out, in elaborate detail, our first “real world” dinner.

We learned this behavior at home, mostly. Unlike most campers, I’d sent myself to camp. But many had been sent by parents who couldn’t stand the fact that they had created something imperfect. I don’t doubt that the parents thought their intentions were noble because fat kids *do* get the short end of the carrot in this country.


These camps, however, attempt the impossible by trying to change a lifetime of learned habits in two months. Put a

National Institute of Health, 90 percent to 95 percent of those who diet regain all or most of the lost weight within five years. One weight-loss camp reported that 60 percent of its campers regain the weight within two to three years.

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN Camping Association, there are currently 18 camps for overweight kids nationwide, but they’re expanding, so to speak. In China, where camps used to favor re-education on subjects other than calorie consumption, overweight kids can attend the Beijing Tian Yu Weight-Loss Camp.

The counselors were worse food offenders than the campers, which makes sense: themselves. It was a clear-cut case of the fat leading the fat.

“The Chinese have always liked to express their weight through food, especially in feeding their children,” Zhang Shuyu, the doctor who founded the camp, told the *Los Angeles Times*. Ten days costs about \$80—about twice the average monthly wage.

Hey, communism in Russia fell when they ran out of vodka. Twinkies just might tip the balance in China. 



Dear Tricky, Wish You Were Here

THE NEW CHIEF of South Africa's National Intelligence Agency,

a Nelson Mandela appointee, was recently discovered slumped behind the wheel of his car on a Pretoria street, a 9-mm pistol in his hand and a thin, smoke-tinged hole in his forehead. Police ruled suicide.

Right. The victim—Muziwendoda Mduli—was black. Most of the security honchos are still white.

That would be a big story in most of the world, but not here. It lasted a few days and then died. Reporters went on to something else because, you see, in the new South Africa, there is so much more to go on to such as the murder trial of Magnus Malan, the white former defense chief, and other top military and security officials that opens in March.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. South Africa, you may remember, had national elections in 1994, the first where nonwhites, who make up 85 percent of the population, were permitted to vote. They won, not to put too fine a point on it, and an erect, proud black man, Nelson Mandela, who had spent 27 years in jail, became president. A lot of people came into office and naturally expected to be running things.

Reality check: The king is dead! Long live the king! The blacks won the elections, but the whites still have all the money. Hunkered down in the "nice" parts of Johannesburg, Durban, or Cape Town (picture Beverly Hills but with meaner private cops), the whites not only have the money, they still possess under-the-table political power because they still make up the bulk of the civil service. This includes, of course, the National Intelligence Agency, which takes us back to my story.

NOW THAT THE BLACKS are officially in power, the press has been al-

lowed to report on investigations into the old apartheid regime's Bureau of State Security (BOSS). Since BOSS made dirty tricks the national sport of South Africa, the country has been regaled for several months by ex-spooks testifying on their achievements. Meanwhile, the newspapers have been filled with leaks of mind-boggling tales from spooks' hemorrhaging archives. Among them:

- Military Intelligence bred German shepherds with a Russian wolf in the mid-1980s to create an *überdog* that could track down black guerrillas. The program was dropped, however, because, as the understated official report put it, the hybrid hounds "were reluctant to submit to the authority of their trainers."

- Baboons were employed to test heat-resistant uniforms. Their legs were shaved, wrapped in the material, and then blowtorched until the creatures howled—or died. "[I]rrational animal rights groups," a director told the press, necessitated encircling the compound with electric fencing.

- A phony, anti-African National Congress "moderate party" was created to undermine ANC leader Nelson Mandela. There were plans to equip it with office machines and furniture stolen from pro-ANC church groups, but the caper fell apart.

- "Murder, sabotage, breaking and entering, theft, planting evidence, blackmail, subversion, bugging and a host of other activities in the 'national interest' were commonplace," an agent testified.

If you're thinking that these sound

like just the kind of stumblebum antics the CIA can never resist, fear not.

It is widely believed that the former white government secretly financed the mob violence and hit-squad activities of Mandela's rival, Zulu chief Gatsha Buthelezi, in the months leading up to the 1994 elections. According to Martin Dolincheck, another former spook confessing to the government commission on BOSS, the CIA "participated in the fringes of the scheme," by bolstering Buthelezi's image among American policymakers and securing money for him.

AND THE FRINGES is where it gets weird. Take the South African postal and telephone agency, Telkom, for instance. This is where Millard Shirley, a balding, 50-ish CIA agent, found a home in the late 80s. Why was he there? To train a special intelligence unit inside Telkom.

(Shirley, it turns out, is apparently the same CIA man who tipped off South African police to the whereabouts of Nelson Mandela in 1962. He and his wife died in a car accident while coming back from Swaziland in 1988.)

Shirley brought a thick stack of Pentagon "psychological warfare manuals" with him, according to Mike Leach, the former chief of the Telkom spook unit. "The manuals he gave us were for booby traps, poisons, etc.," Leach told me over the telephone from a pub he now manages north of Cape Town. "One of the items he gave us was a recipe for prussic acid, a clear compound which, if inhaled, would give a massive coronary. If a doctor's not looking for [it] he'll put [the

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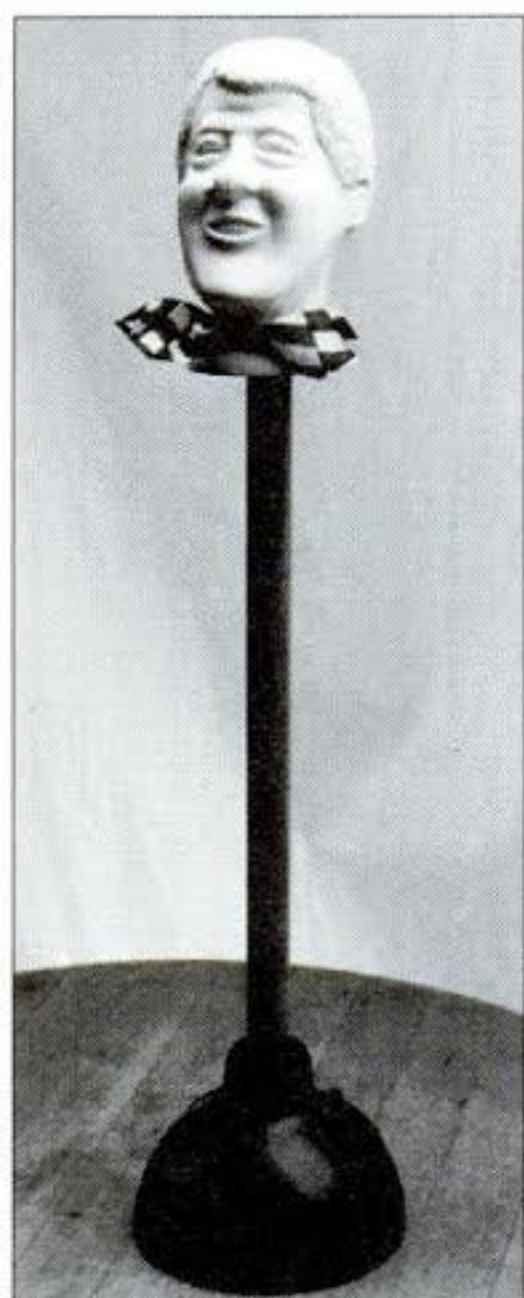
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cause of death] down to natural causes."

Other chemicals were put to imaginative use, too. "One of the things [we] did during the negotiations with unions was to doctor the water on the table with chemicals to induce stomach cramps, to bring about a point where the union officials would want to hurry up the negotiations and just settle because they were physically uncomfortable," Leach said.

Another favorite trick was to sell antiapartheid T-shirts washed in a fiberglass solution to unsuspecting demonstrators. When demonstrators put them on, they would dissolve in uncontrollable itching.

Gerard Ludi, an ex-police agent and Shirley's partner in a security firm, told me of Shirley's participation with another official agency. "The South African intelligence services didn't have decent training materials," Ludi said. "It was really pathetic. They asked Millard to update and do a proper training manual. Then he might've gone to Telcom as a freelance thing."

Shirley quit the CIA several times, Ludi said, but the spy service kept calling him back to duty. "We gave him about 20 retirement parties," he chuckled. Was he working for the CIA when he was training at Telcom?

"Who knows?" Ludi laughed. "Who knows?"

WE DO KNOW THAT South Africa is in no danger of forsaking its status as the world's last playground for spooks. In December, Mandela's national police chief discovered his office had been bugged, reportedly by white operatives still in the national security service, newspapers reported. And then there were the hit squads discovered training on a game reservation. According to news reports, they were under the tutelage of Mandela's persistent nemesis, Zulu chief Buthelezi, who—if you go by the size of his Lear jet—is definitely not short of cash.

And is the CIA still involved?

Who knows? Who knows?

—Jeff Stein

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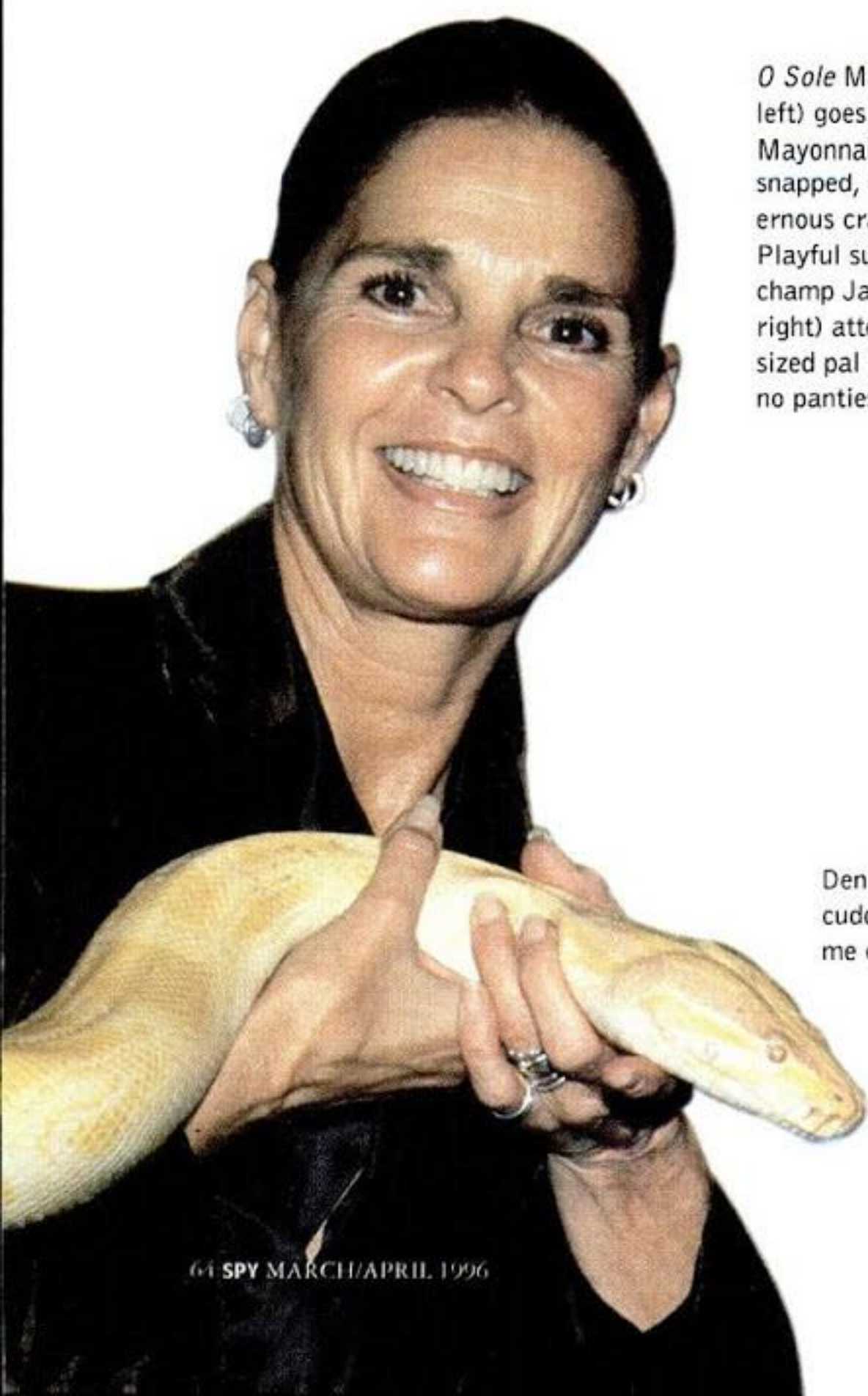
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O Sole Mayo! Tubby tenor **Luciano Pavarotti** (above left) goes for the gold during Hellman's 54th Annual Mayonnaise Eating Marathon. When the picture was snapped, *Il Impresario* had been cramming his cavernous craw for 3 hours, 42 minutes, 36 seconds. Playful supermodel (and girlfriend of box-office champ Jason Patric) **Christy Turlington** (above right) attempts a monster wedgie on her pint-sized pal **Kate Moss**. But surprise, surprise—no panties!

Denise Brown look-alike **Ali MacGraw** (left) cuddles up with an albino python. "He reminds me of Robert Evans," she coos.

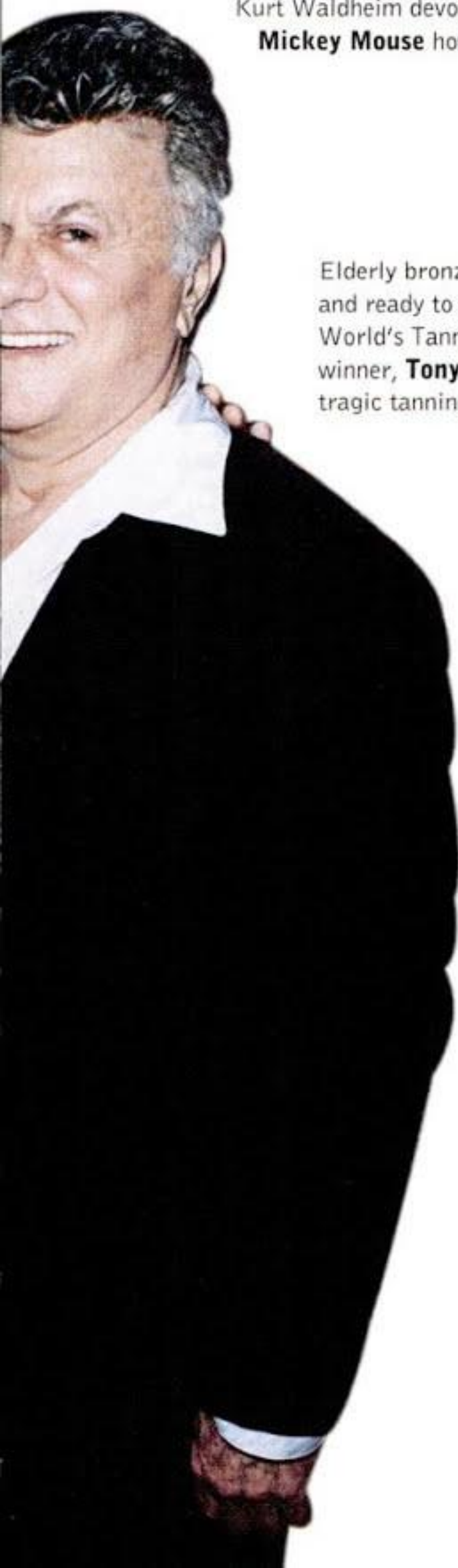




"Open the windows, girls, I've been at the beans again," titters **Princess Di** (above left) as her well-bred friends gasp in disgust. Kurt Waldheim devotee **Arnold Schwarzenegger** (right) shows **Mickey Mouse** how to ravish Minnie à la chien.



Elderly bronzed crooner **Rod Stewart** (left) primed and ready to challenge George Hamilton for the title of World's Tannest Former Celebrity, poses with the 1983 winner, **Tony Curtis**, who hasn't seen the sun since a tragic tanning accident in San Tropez back in 1986.



After a stroll through New York's Times Square, conscientious lovebirds **Hugh Grant** and **Liz Hurley** (above) check to make sure they've still got their wallets. "How dare he cut my clothing budget down to five figures," fumes *Vogue* vamp **Anna Wintour** (right), after a meeting with tightwad lunch-welching Condé Nast musclem Steve Florio. Evidently, Ms. Wintour must have tried the groveling route, too, judging from the shine on her shapely knees.



Wacko Jacko Flacko Is Having Girl Troubles

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER, talent manager-cum-producer Sandy Gallin was erected as a capo di tutti capi in Spy reporter Mark Ebner's "who's who" exposé on Hollywood's

Gay Mafia. Gallin also had his surgically enhanced profile raised by Howard Stern's best-selling Miss America,

when Stern revealed that maestro Gallin wanted to orchestrate a comeback appearance by his client Michael Jackson on Stern's show. The deluded spinmeister believed that Stern could convince his listeners to take to the streets protesting M.J.'s innocence. Yeah.

However, Darth Gallin, who also reps such up-and-comers as Neil Diamond, was ensconced in a legal imbroglio for much of last year that somehow escaped mainstream (let alone trade) press; but some file checking at L.A. Superior Court revealed a civil suit brought against Gallin and his company, Gallin Morey Associates, by ex-employee Nancy Lewis. Lewis sued for wrongful dismissal, employment discrimination, fraud, breach of implied contract, and breach of good faith and fair dealing. Right before the trial went to the jury, Gallin settled with Lewis for an undisclosed sum, and Lewis's attorney, Jennifer Mintz—although gagged by a nondisclosure agreement—is surely grinning in tandem with Lewis, like the cat that ate the canary...

IN HER CIVIL SUIT, Lewis—an ex-receptionist-turned-assistant—complained that she was denied a managerial promotion in favor of (with only one exception) men, who were hired and/or promoted "often with no respect for their background, training, or credentials." While women were "channeled" into secretarial slots, men were given higher salaries and more responsibilities, asserts the complaint. Fired after informing Gallin of her intent to consult with an at-

torney concerning her rights regarding sexual discrimination at his company, Lewis was replaced by—you guessed it—a man. Here's where it gets interesting....

The man that replaced Lewis, and who was quickly promoted to manager, was—surprise!—Gallin's then current, now ex-, lover Scott Bankston. Of course, this is an old Hollywood story of nepotism with a party boy twist: Bankston had no background in the business other than going to parties on Gallin's Armanied arm—but what's really revealed is how Gallin's business style actually contributes to the unmanageability of what calls itself a management concern.

Okay, no doubt Gallin is flush with income from his 15 percentary, the Sandollar (*Father of the Bride*, parts I & II) film and TV concern, and Nashville-based International Management Services (legal action pending there for sexual discrimination in the wrongful dismissal of a pregnant manager), but ask him how much he makes sometime and his brain becomes a Rubik's Cube. When asked in the Lewis case what his income was, Gallin replied, "I don't know." Besides ignoring his financial statements, what exactly does the man who handles Roseanne do?

He seems more enthusiastic about running in league with the "G" in SKG and with Barry Diller than he does about tending to his clients' concerns. When client Margaret Cho's show tanked, her calls didn't get promptly returned. And we're talking serious lack of vision here: When potential client George Clooney

was suggested to him, Gallin dismissively asked, "How good can he be?" Oops.

SO...NO KNOWLEDGE of his own income, zero vision, and who can explain the relationship between the well-regarded Jim Morey and the despised Gallin? "Sandy must know where Jim's bodies are buried," states one of some forty-odd employees who passed in and out of Gallin's office during an eight-month period between '94 and '95.

What does Sandy Gallin do again?

After working out with his personal trainer, he usually shows up at the office around 2 P.M.—never on Fridays. He takes manicures and pedicures during meetings, then meditates with his guru behind closed doors. One minute after he's done meditating, it's told, a piece of office equipment hits his door and "havoc is wreaked again." Another employee describes Gallin thus:

"He is the most miserable person on earth. He has everything he could possibly want, and he is the most miserable person I've ever met. He gets in these moods when he storms around the office.... Within a month of moving to our new office there were holes in the walls, and a Lucite table was overturned."

Curiously, before roosting in his new suite, Gallin convened a veritable ecumenical congress of shamans to bless the place—shaking their respective chicken bones over every door in the office. Immediately after the ceremony, the atmosphere was described as "creepy... evil."

Nah. Just another day in paradise.

—C. C. Baxter

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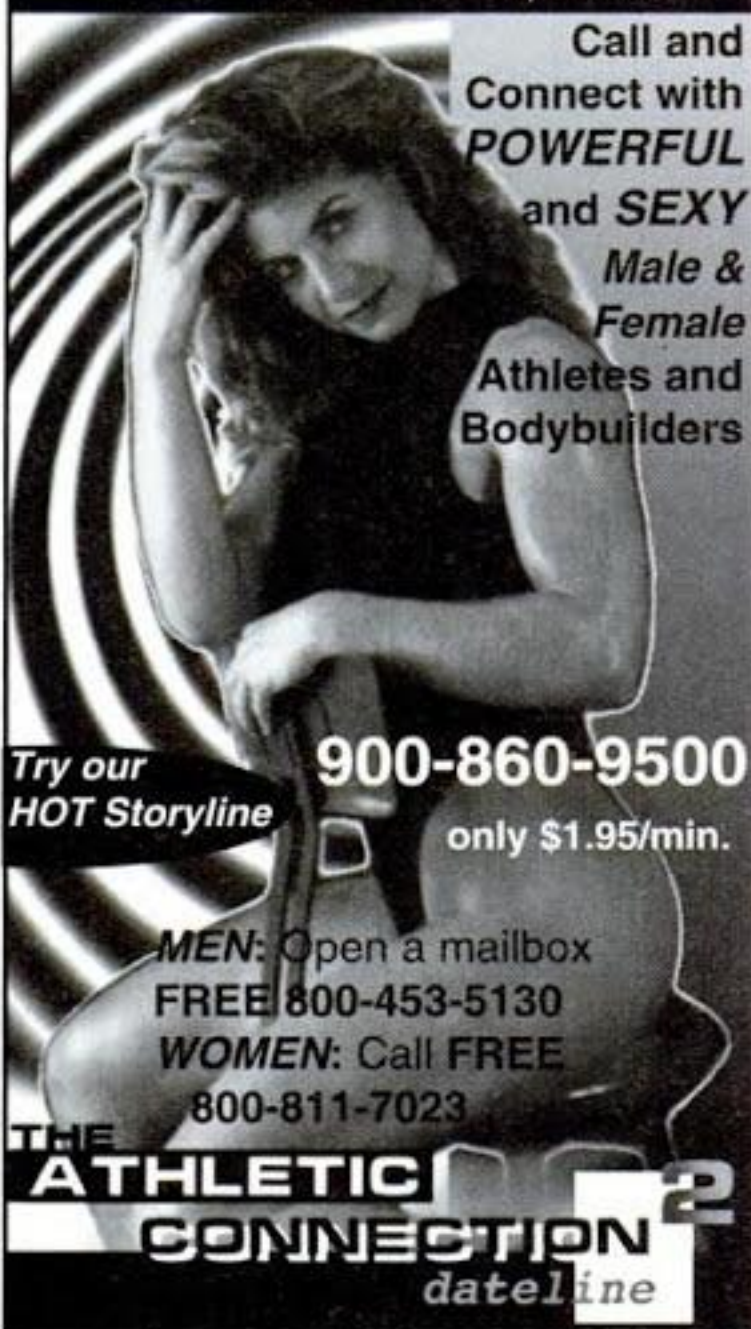


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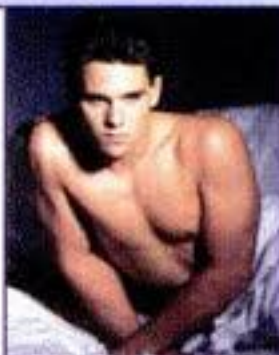
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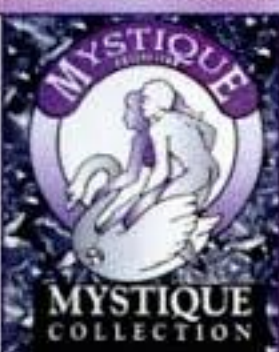
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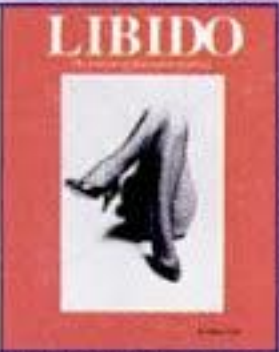
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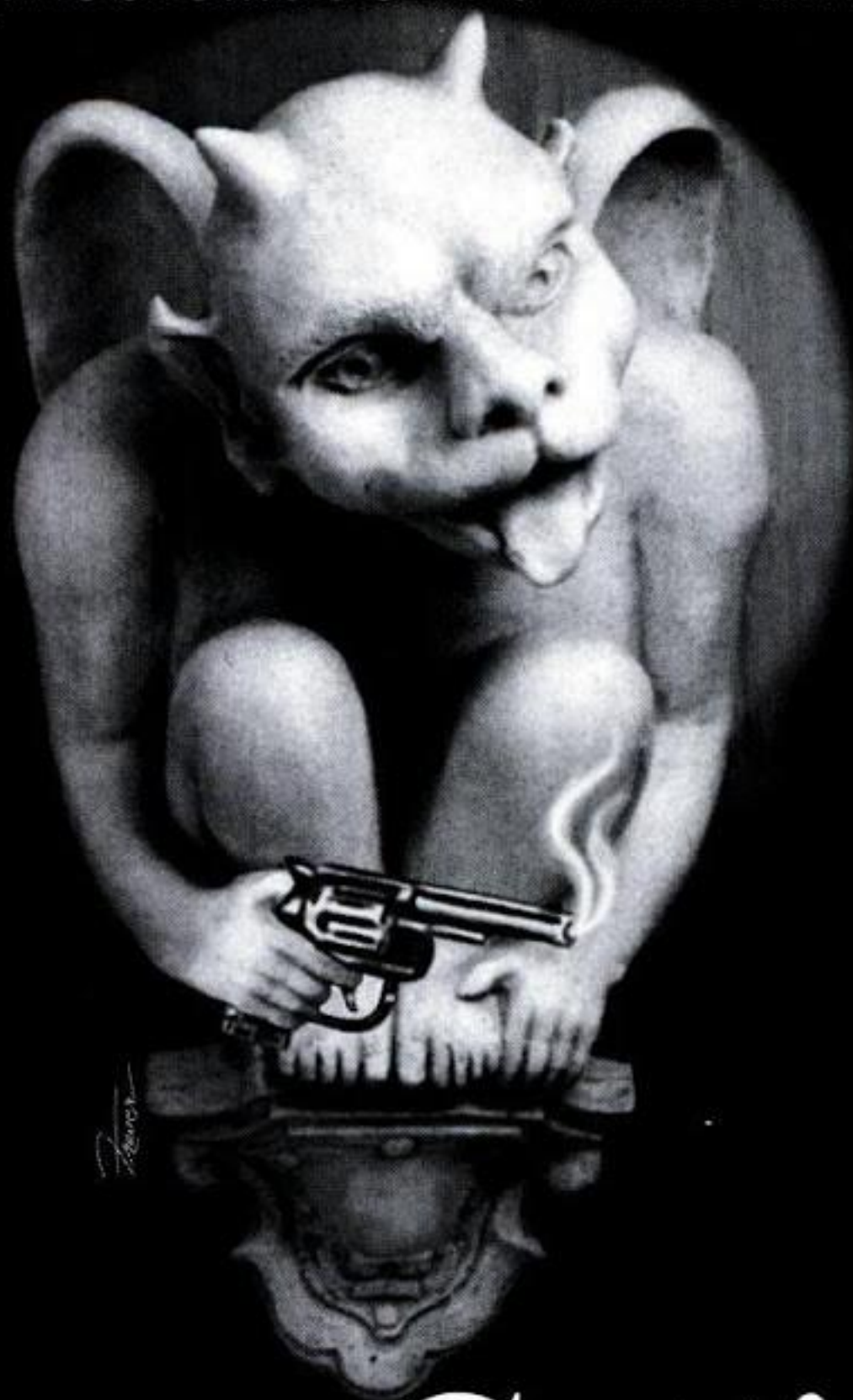
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